



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

LAST Saturday from the noon hour until half-past two o'clock the corner of King and Yonge streets was the scene of as much activity and as thoroughly congested by the crowd as I ever remember seeing it even on the busiest of Industrial Fair days. It was almost impossible to get across the street without running and dodging between street cars, cabs, drays and wagons of all descriptions. The big policeman who stands in the center of the cross streets was on one occasion run into by a cab on one side and a brick-wagon on the other, while a street car was coming at him in front and the motorman of another was pounding the gong behind. Though he was pushed about by the horses he seemed to take it quite good-humoredly and quietly directed the traffic as best he could. A number of citizens loitered about the corner asking what this unusual concourse meant, and their enquiries elicited the fact that loads of excursionists had come by boat and rail and were seeing the town. All the carriages and tallyhops of the place seemed to be out for the occasion, and our temporary guests must have thought Toronto a very busy place on a Saturday afternoon. Certainly such an impression, if they carry it away with them, will do us no harm.

I asked the big policeman if he knew where the people came from, and he told me that he understood they were mostly from Illinois, Indiana and Cincinnati; that they had come by the thousands to the Falls, and that a great many of them had evidently crossed over to see Toronto. "From the enquiries they make," he said, "I think many of them are going down to Montreal on the steamers." Enquiries at the railway offices failed to elicit any information as to a special excursion or a common purpose; the crowd simply happened to congregate. If this can happen a few times a season, proper enterprise on the part of this city could make it happen a couple of times a week.

The World has been doing good work in pointing out the large number of families from the Southern States who come up here to spend the summer. The other daily papers might follow suit, and by a continual reiteration of the fact this city might be established as the place for our United States neighbors to spend the summer in. Nothing will bring the people more swiftly to Toronto than the rumor that this is the place to which thousands of sensible people are flocking. A gentleman standing on the corner while the crowd was greatest made a suggestion which was new to me, and probably to many others. "We have a couple of thousand students here through the fall, winter and spring, attending the colleges, universities, conservatories, and that sort of thing. Their rooms are vacated just about the time that this tide of travel should come here. People from the States, if they knew they could occupy these vacant rooms for the summer by paying from two and three-quarters to four dollars a week board, would come here in bigger crowds than we see on the streets to-day. Schoolteachers and students from the States who need a change of air would find it here at less cost, and of a better quality, than in any other locality to which they could go. The lodging-house and boarding-house-keepers are in the majority of cases none too well off, and would find such an influx a great assistance in making their yearly accounts balance. Don't you think you could do something in SATURDAY NIGHT to organize a movement to center more excursionists here?"

The suggestion is so good a one that it needs no comment. I asked a city official about it. He regretted that there was no such movement, but he thought it was necessary and would be very beneficial. "I imagine these people, even though they come for only a day, will spend two or three dollars apiece, and that, too, amongst people who most readily put the money in circulation. If we could have one excursion a week of a thousand people that would mean from two to three thousand dollars a week income. If we had a chance to get a factory here that would spend that much in wages the whole City Council would chase after it, but this other line of money-making seems utterly neglected."

The passenger agent of one of the leading railways said there seemed no possibility of joint action amongst the railroads leading from the Southern and Western States to Toronto, in the matter of bringing excursionists, and the Canadian roads would find it very difficult to organize any such thing. "Perhaps," he added in conclusion, "there is too little attention paid to it."

Mr. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent of the Wabash, told me that one of their excursion managers had brought in between four and five hundred strangers, mostly from Western Illinois and Indiana. "You know," he said, "we have leased the old Air Line of the Grand Trunk, which gives us a through road from St. Louis and Chicago to Niagara Falls. Our sidings and tracks are all crowded with trains, and if we could handle them we could bring any number of excursionists into Toronto during the summer. You see all these people with boxes and valises who are using my office to deposit them, they are going to Montreal, as nearly all those that came from the Falls to Toronto are likely to do. Our excursion manager says their trip has so far been without a hitch. The weather has been cool, and some of the passengers used to the intense heat of their places of habitation have had to put on their wraps. I am certain that they are all enjoying themselves. If Toronto would engage a first-class newspaper man who knows something about transportation systems he could go through all the south and south-west and get all the advertising that he needs from the newspapers for nothing, and there would be no empty rooms left in this city in the summer months. There should be a bureau of information here in the center of the city where every boarding and lodging-house could be registered, and the small fee paid would be sufficient, in addition to a grant from the city, to finance the whole enterprise." Mr. Richardson is one of the most popular and able representatives of United States roads in Canada, and his advice is worth listening to, and his railroad, the Wabash, is doing enough for this province to deserve the kindest of recognition.

I am simply presenting these fragmentary opinions to set our Toronto people thinking whether they are doing enough to encourage a business which is exceedingly profitable even as an ephemeral concern, but which is likely to bring many permanent residents and to attract enterprises of greater or less magnitude to the city.

The statement that all of the two thousand students in our institutions are outsiders who simply spend the academic term here, may be too large, as a few may be residents, but it might be well to add that hundreds of Toronto families, particularly those families in which there are students who need a change of air, absent themselves from the city in the summer, and that a very large number of furnished houses could be had for three or four months, where families from the South could come with their own servants and find a comfortable home, charming places of resort, and cheap and even sumptuous living. I mention this even at the cost of repetition, for no one deserves more encouragement, or needs it more, than the necessities people who are forced to take lodgers and boarders. The hotels can look out for themselves, but of course they would reap the greatest and most immediate benefit. I say it respectfully of the boarding-house-keepers of the city that nearly all of them knew better circumstances and are forced to work hard for what they get, and the addition of a big volume of tourist traffic and

summer residents for three months of the year would be a god-send to hundreds of them. Nor would Toronto alone benefit if furnished houses could be disposed of for the summer. Muskoka and all the attractive places would get more Toronto people, as well as strangers, who desire a change. Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Belleville, Cobourg, all the places that have made some provision for taking care of tourists would also be benefited, and in the end Toronto would get a big hotel which she has needed badly for many years and is unlikely to get unless transient travel warrants the enterprise.

TALKING about the management of affairs such as this, Mr. A. J. King, who is a member of the King Darrell Produce Co. of this city, and who recently returned from Great Britain after doing everything he could for this country in a semi-official way, very strongly re-asserted the theory that the Canadian Government should engage a certain amount of space in some of the leading papers of Great Britain and Ireland, which should be continually filled with articles tending to popularize the Dominion as the very best place in the world for young Britishers, and old Britishers for that matter, to settle. If his suggestion is properly followed up no doubt great good will come out of it, as it strikes me that the British newspapers under existing circumstances would not be slow to assist in a Canadian propaganda. We deserve well of them, and it only needs organization to obtain full advantage of their good will and generosity. "Generosity" may strike some people as being ridiculous with regard to newspapers, but as a matter of fact the press does more for nothing to indirectly help enterprises than the cost of the benevolent institutions of a country would equal. Newspapers are strictly commercial and insist upon

stances arise so soon and spoil all the point there was to his remarks. "Don" was glad to find himself in company with Dr. Allison, and now, alas! it turns out that Dr. Allison was nowhere near. Following is a letter which will explain Dr. Allison's position accurately:

To the Editor of the Star:
Sir,—Permit me to say that the report published in the form of a special telegram in yesterday's Star of some remarks of mine made to the Methodist congregation of Sackville last Sunday is in a high degree inaccurate and misleading. The use of quotation marks and the form of direct address intensifies the unfairness of this partial and inexact statement. The sender of the despatch is probably responsible for the head lines only so far as his communication justifies them, but I beg to inform you that as regards Prohibition I neither "preached it down" nor pronounced it "a failure wherever tried."
Among the subjects treated in that part of the pastoral letter of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, on which I was asked to speak, I found the approaching Prohibition plebiscite. On this subject but little is contained in the pastoral letter itself, beyond a reminder (in substance) that a vote in the negative on the plebiscite question will be a vote in favor of "the saloon." I ventured to say that this mode of putting the subject did not commend itself to my judgment, inasmuch as I found no difficulty in conceiving of negative votes being cast by men who had no sympathy with "the saloon," honest Christian men, who were anxious to suppress rather than augment the dire sway of the liquor traffic. I explained that in my judgment, if not a large, yet certainly an appreciable portion of the Canadian electorate consists of good but ill-informed men, whose study of prohibitory legislation and its consequences have led them to doubt whether the times in Canada are just now ripe for its adoption; that I should have been glad if the pastoral letter, which, in general, was worthy of the highest commendation, had contained a well reasoned paragraph adapted to remove the scruples and hesitations of such men. As to my own position, I frankly confessed that my mind was not free from doubt and anxiety as to the final outcome of the Prohibition law in Canada, though the general principle of such a law I heartily endorsed. It was in this connection that I referred to two instances of abortive prohibitory legislation coming within the scope of my own observation—the short-lived New Brunswick Act of 1896, and the nearly contemporaneous one in Connecticut, which was in force in that State during a portion of the time in which I was a student in the Wesleyan University in Middletown. I simply referred to these cases to show that facts do not authorize the not uncommon assumption that Prohibition and the suppression of intemperance are necessarily connectable terms. The sweeping statements ascribed to me by your correspondent

liquor traffic than the editor of the Guardian, is that an attempt to force people into being Prohibitionists would increase drunkenness and be a retrograde step. Unfortunately the editor of the Guardian and other gentlemen like him who are writing on the sentimental side of this question, are busily at work proving that the rum traffic is an evil thing, and that perfect immunity from temptation to drink intoxicants would be a blessing. I grant them their position readily enough, and would subscribe as liberally as any of them have subscribed to bring about this phase of the millennium. This is plain enough, and I ask them simply to confine themselves to the question, WILL PROHIBITION PROHIBIT? Will not the passage of a law such as they ask do more harm than good? Will it not, in fact, destroy much of the good work that has already been done to further the cause of temperance? I ask the public to carefully read Rev. Dr. Allison's letter and decide for themselves whether he does not practically take the same position as I do; if he does not doubt most seriously "whether Prohibition and the suppression of intemperance are necessarily connectable terms."

The Christian Guardian is unjust when it attempts to prove that SATURDAY NIGHT has gone any further than this in the matter of the plebiscite. In the introduction of its editorial the Guardian says, "To put words he never uttered into the mouth of a prominent man for the purpose of bolstering up a desperate cause, is a method that is sometimes resorted to with effect." It is a method to which the editor of the Guardian is resorting, and I beg him to notice that I have been fairer than he, inasmuch as I insert the whole text of Rev. Dr. Allison's letter and everything pertinent in his editorial. If the editor of the Guardian thinks that Prohibition will prohibit, will reduce drunkenness, crime, misery, let him quote his authorities and not waste time in arguing the sentimental and emotional side of the matter, which, for purposes of discussion, may be very well left out.

DURING periods of war and the self-absorption of each citizen in a question which is really a side issue, the whole prospects and peculiarities of the individual are lost sight of. The United States verges on this condition. The people think of nothing but what the United States can do and what they as atoms of the United States may be. The vortex into which they are all falling seems to be invisible to them all, but does not escape the vision of those who are looking at the entire situation from a fairly impartial point of view. The difficulties were great in the old times; the problems are enormous now. How a nation can come through such a great change would have been insoluble years ago, but the people of the United States have the greatest intelligence, most prehensile touch, and the most responsive public spirit which can be found, and we imagine these problems will be solved. But they will be solved at the expense of the taxpayers, and the result, the grand result, may not be seen in our generation, but it will be seen in the future. In the present condition of affairs the President of the republic and the politician who supports him may seek for small glories by great announcements and infinite proclamations; the President and the politician of the future must grope in the dark for many years for the successful point of contact with the absolutely foreign populations which have been, or are being, absorbed. Nothing can save the republic some day from disruption and ruin but the control of a great man. The republic has to say whether a great man shall rule or a small man shall rule. So the world passes, even nations the creatures of a circumstance, the victims of the failure of a plan, the glorious because of the success of a scheme. If the United States could guarantee its new provinces or states the inviolable principle that the greatest man shall rule, or if it could be certain that a good man should rule, all would be well; but the opportunities of an oligarchy are so great that no doubt someone will try to seize and control the situation. Imperialism is a splendid idea, but how does imperialism suit the spirit of the United States? The people may be willing to invest their individual rights in some great man, but the choice of the great man will year by year become more difficult, and at last the project is liable to be released as intolerable and impracticable.

Canada, watching the whole performance and being the people most concerned, will delay from generation to generation the discussion of the intrinsic merits of the whole matter until perhaps their share in the solution of the great problem may be material. But what we must look for nevertheless remains the same, that we must dominate this continent; must have the people; must have the great output; must have the say in what is done—otherwise an Anglo-American alliance will mean our absorption, and the gifts which are liable to be given by the chieftains of one side to the high priests of the other side are likely to be Canadian things with which we are loath to part. Surely we sit at the crossing of the roads and the future should guide us more in what we ask than the past guides us in what we should yield.

Local Improvement Rates.

From Wednesday, the 1st of October, to Monday, the 16th of October, both days inclusive (Sunday excepted).		
Sewer	6	50
Roadway	2	50
Sidewalk	2	50
Grading, Widening, Street Extension, &c.	1	00
Snow Cleaning	1	00

ABOVE is a photo-engraving of a section of a city assessment bill which I recently received and paid. We pay our taxes as we pay nothing else, almost without dispute. We are told that we owe the city so much and we are aware that if it is not paid large costs will be added and the bailiff will probably be in possession of the property.

I ask my fellow-ratepayers in Toronto who receive similar bills to the one I have just paid, if the above is a businesslike proposition. I have to pay apparently for five things, two sewers, two roadways, and a sidewalk. As I happen to live on a corner these things are possible, and I do not see why I should not have to pay, unless the time has expired, for two sewers, two sidewalks, two roadways. There has been no street extension nor any other scheme by which the thing could be enlarged, but having lived in the locality between fifteen and sixteen years I have seen all sorts of things done and I know that there have been two sewers built, two sidewalks built, and three roadways built, but not having always lived on or owned the same property I have nothing by which to check the account that is sent me. The sewer on the side street may have been a twenty-year proposition; the payment for the pavement may be extended over any number of years; one cannot carry this sort of thing in one's memory. The Jarvis street part of it may be ten years or twenty, though I think it is only ten.

The question that arises in my mind is the propriety of a city permitting such an account to be sent to a citizen. I am not told what the assessment is for, the front street or the side street, where the sewer is, when it was built, whether it is the fifth or the fiftieth year that I am paying for it. I have no notion whatever when the payment will end or when it began, except the vague impression that I got years ago and which may be quite incorrect. Who has a right to sit down and make these abstract figures, the very omission of details connected with



A SUMMER RAMBLE.

being paid only when the enterprise is selfish, local, or in competition with the customers who pay them and who do not expect to see rivals given space and attention for nothing.

A Canadian might easily be employed in London and find himself quite busy correcting the misstatements and misapprehensions which are continually finding a place in the British press. No decent newspaper ever refuses to correct a mistake, and in the correction of mistakes with regard to popular prejudices against our climate and general ignorance with regard to our resources an exceedingly beneficial line of advertising could be had.

AMONGST all the religio-secular enterprises of Canada there is none so shrewdly conducted as the Methodist Book Concern and the Christian Guardian. The Book Concern makes money, and the Guardian is also supposed to be a profitable enterprise because of its large circulation, and amongst our religious contemporaries it is admittedly noticeable for the cleanliness and propriety of its advertisements. Very frequently denominational papers are made the medium for a class of advertisements which should be admitted to the columns of no secular paper. Editorially the didactic air which was conspicuous in the time of Dr. Dewar has been replaced by a blandly critical and rather confounding regret that all people do not see through the spectacles of its editor. In the issue of Wednesday, the 3rd inst., there was an editorial introducing a letter written to the Star by Rev. Dr. Allison of Sackville, N.B. As much of the editorial as concerns this paper, and all of the letter by Rev. Dr. Allison, are inserted. It is only fair to say that the Toronto Telegram and "doubtless several other well-meaning papers are also said to have been led astray."

It must be a particularly hard blow to SATURDAY NIGHT to learn that Dr. Allison really did not say the things he was reported as saying. Our contemporary went to the trouble of writing a long editorial (extraordinary in its last issue, based on Dr. Allison's reported sermon). It rejoiced over the doctor's bravery in coming out as an opponent of Prohibition, and was elevated at the sight of so prominent a Methodist "shaking off the shackles of conventionalism." It must therefore be positively disgusting to "Don" of SATURDAY NIGHT to see *ex post facto* circum-

stances to the universal failure of prohibitory legislation were never made either directly or in the form of rhetorical questions unwarrantably put in my mouth.

The most astonishing part of the alleged report is its concluding sentence: "Permit me to say that the report published in the form of a special telegram in yesterday's Star of some remarks of mine made to the Methodist congregation of Sackville last Sunday is in a high degree inaccurate and misleading." I could not vote for the saloon, and I certainly could not vote for a measure which was only calculated to deceive a portion of our people, and which would not further the cause of temperance one particle.

Your correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding, I expressly stated that while my mind was not wholly free from doubt, I intended to give Prohibition the benefit of the doubt, and vote in the affirmative at the approaching plebiscite election. The further statement to the effect that I characterized the plebiscite measure as "only calculated to deceive a portion of our people, and its one which would not further the cause of temperance one particle," is wholly and unqualifiedly untrue. Sackville, N.B., July 26, 1898.

My complaint has been that no effort is being made to prove this; that every precedent in which anything like a parallel case is concerned proves the opposite. The businesslike and sensible constitution of those who have no more connection with the

which leaves the door wide open for fraud? I have paid my bills as I suppose ninety-nine people out of a hundred pay them, without asking questions. If I live I suppose I will keep on paying; if I die, what little estate I may leave will keep on paying. What is to prevent the Treasury Department from keeping on charging them long after the period when payments are no longer due? As I said before, I have nothing with which to check these bills unless I go to the City Hall and examine the records. It is not the business of a citizen of Toronto to go to the City Hall and check the records; he should have a business-like account presented to him, and such an account filed with the one previously received would check itself.

The amount of this local assessment is fifty-three dollars, which is quite a bill. Would you or anybody else accept an invoice from a private concern of fifty-three dollars without any statement of facts, without any data as to when the thing began or when it will end? We are accustomed to pay unto Caesar what is Caesar's, but we ought to know when Caesar is done with us on this local improvement business. This year's bill is no exception, though Mr. Fleming told me that when he was Mayor he changed it and had a businesslike statement made as to whether we were paying the first or fifth or tenth year, and what we were paying for. The Assessment Commissioner says that it is not in his department, but that the City Treasurer has to do with it. There should be a universal demand on the part of the citizens to get a proper accounting each year for the money they are spending. They should know when the account began to run and when it will end. A statement should be made of how much the whole thing cost in each instance, for what we save in clerical labor in putting up a scrawny account like the one I have had photographed, would be easily lost ten times over by our citizens by one fraudulent entry which could easily be made to benefit a couple of people who might be in collusion at the City Hall.

To further impress this matter on the mind of the reader, suppose a general-goods merchant sent out a bill like this:

Dry Goods	\$10.00
Hardware	10.00
Groceries	10.00
Total	\$30.00

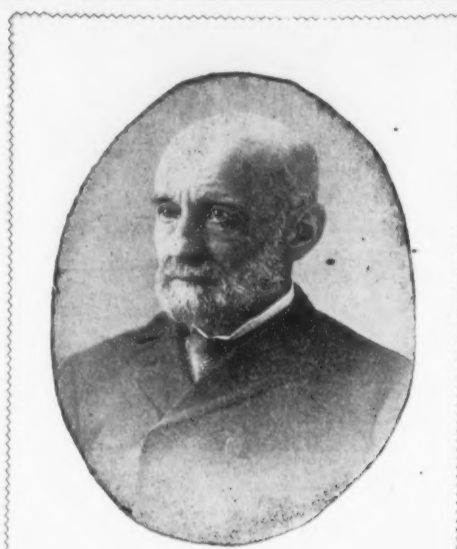
Would anyone think of paying this without knowing what the items meant, when the goods were bought, when delivered? Not for a moment. I think the citizen of Toronto ordinarily scrutinizes his bill and asks the merchant when the engagement was made, when the goods were delivered, and when instalments, if they were bought on the instalment plan as we buy our local improvements, began and when they would end. Millions of dollars have been handled in this loose fashion. Everything may be all right; I presume everything is all right; but I will never pay another tax bill without having the items set forth. I may have to go to the courts, but I will cheerfully suffer the expense and trouble of demanding the individual items of my bill in some intelligible and businesslike fashion. The Lord knows we pay taxes enough, and it is hard enough to pay them; and if the ratepayers who have not yet settled their taxes go one by one and demand a proper statement of the whole affair, next year we won't have a bald entry made against us by some irresponsible clerk who knows that his figures on a tax paper will have to "go" with the taxpayer, no matter whether they are right or not, or no matter whether they can be understood or not. Patience has ceased to be a virtue in this matter, and the system that is being followed, as ex-Mayor Fleming admits, allows ample room for fraud. Some of the sewers that were built long ago were on the twenty-year instalment plan, some of them were ten; some of the sidewalks were built on one system, some on another. What do we know about all this except that we have to pay? If you own a house that five years ago was the property of somebody else, you will have no tax bill in your possession showing when the payments for the sidewalk began or when the payments of the roadway began, or when the payments of the sewer began. Out of forty or fifty thousand taxpayers, probably not one will take the pains to ask for details. They pay the money; it is easier than investigating. The man who had the original tax bill with regard to some local improvement is probably paying on some other local improvement that somebody else originated and holds the tax papers for.

It is enough to make one garrulous and excited to think that this sort of business is being done. Go to the City Hall and find the details forsooth! We do not have to go to our grocer or our baker, or those with whom we deal in larger matters, to find the details; they are presented to us in a bill which we can understand. The City Hall people need a very hearty shaking up on this thing. While they are doubtless honest, yet supposing forty thousand people were the taxpayers on forty thousand pieces, paid eight dollars a year sewer tax or sidewalk tax which they should not pay, it would mean over three hundred thousand dollars, and collusion would not be necessary amongst more than six or eight employees, and the rake-off would be nearly fifty thousand dollars apiece per year. I do not intimate that such is the case, but what I do reiterate is that we should have some means of checking our bills.

THE best definition of a cad which I have heard is that he is the man who kisses and tells. Ernest Terah Hooley is evidently a man who deserves the title of being a monumental cad. If he paid two thousand pounds to have peers shake hands with him it is evident that he did not pay enough. To shake hands with such a person or to introduce such a person to another peer, or to a decent man of any kind, should have been worth ten times as much. The man who goes into partnership with the better class of society should have either some breeding or a great deal of capital. As far as I am concerned my sympathy is entirely with the men who were fools enough to take money in order to associate themselves with such an adventurer. Monetary necessities are sometimes so acute that we can hardly blame a man for becoming a criminal under the circumstances. No one can excuse a man for giving away his pals either in the formation of companies or the planning of a burglary. There must be honor amongst thieves and some code by which we can judge a man, or no business, large or small, can be safely conducted. Men as a rule are very credulous. They will pay their tax bills without proper information, will pay debts of honor which are barely remembered, and gentlemen will be gentlemen always no matter what it costs. Talking is one of the fool things indulged in mostly by cads and small sharpers who are discovered in the act of trying to do big things under the shelter of other names than their own. I do not know how it will strike other people, but I think Hooley is a beast, and it is to be hoped his career will stop other beasts and abominably low-minded business people from injuring the public.

The Abdication of Man

Elizabeth Bisland in the *North American Review* for August argues that Man has voluntarily abandoned his heroic place in the eyes of Woman by becoming a sordid money chaser, careless of his person and of the impression he creates on the female mind. "In the midst," she says, "of the excursions and alarms of war and preparation for war, a sudden and great silence has fallen upon the everlasting discussion of the sexes. . . . The most vociferous of the 'unquiet sex' have been regarding respectfully the sudden transformation of the plain, unromantic man who went patiently to business every morning in a cable car and sat on a stool at a desk, or weighed tea, or measured ribbon, into a hero ready to face violent annihilations before which even her imagination recoils. . . . War legitimizes man's claim to superiority. When the sword is drawn he is forced to again mount that ancient seat of rule from which he has only recently been evicted; or rather from which he has himself stepped down. The democracy of sex at once becomes ridiculous—the old feudal relation reasserts itself. It is interesting to note that there has not been one feminine voice raised to protest against the situation. The entire sex, as represented in this country, has, as one woman,



HON. ROBERT BEAVEN OF VICTORIA, B.C.
Who was called in by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, but failed to form a Cabinet.

fallen simply and gladly into the old place of nurse, of binder of wounds, of soother and helpmeet. Not one has claimed the woman's equal right to face villainous salt-petre, or risk dismemberment by harbor mines. I believe this to be because woman prefers this old relation. I believe that if man were willing she would always maintain it; that it depends upon him whether she returns to it permanently or not.

"Like other subjects, woman required of her master two things—panem et circenses, bread and circuses. When the industrial changes, brought about by the introduction of machinery, put an end to the old patriarchal system of home manufactures, man found it less easy to provide for his womankind—more especially his collateral womankind—and without any very manifest reluctance he turned her out into the world to shift for herself. Here was a shock to her faith and loyalty! The all-powerful male admitted his inability to provide for these sisters, cousins, aunts and more distant kin who had looked up to him as the fount of existence, and had toiled and fed contentedly under his roof, yielding to him obedience as the natural provider and master. Woman went away sorrowful and—very thoughtful.

This alone was not enough to quite alienate her faith, however. Woman was still, as always, a creature of imagination—dazzled by color, by pomp, by fanfare. A creature of romance, adoring the picturesque, yielding her heart to courage, to power, to daring and endurance—all the sterner virtues which she herself lacked."

Miss Bisland proceeds to argue that man has disregarded the lessons of history and has cast off all attractiveness of attire, consulting only warmth and ease in dress. "I accuse" the man of abandoning his mastership," she says, "and becoming a bourgeois in appearance and manner through a selfish desire for ease. . . . I accuse man of carrying further this democracy of sex by adding rigid plainness of behavior to ugliness of appearance, forgetting that woman, like the child and the savage, love pomp of manner as well as of garment, and that what she does not see she finds it hard to believe. Every wise lover soon learns that it is necessary to reinforce the tenderness of his manner by definite assurances of affection several times in every twenty-four hours. Then, and then only, is a woman sure she is loved. How can she believe man heroic unless he use the appearance and manner of the hero?"

"Sir Hilary of Agincourt, returning from France," found his lady from home, and he and all his weary men-at-arms sat there—mailed cap-a-pie—throughout the entire night until she returned to welcome them home and receive their homage. What if at other times Sir Hilary may have been something of a brute? Lady Hilary, flattered by this fine piece of steel-clad swagger, would, remembering it, forgive a thousand failures of temper or courtesy.

"When El Hamid held the pass all through the darkness while his women fled across the desert, and his foes feared to come to hard grips with him, not knowing he stood there dead, propped against the spear he had thrust into his mortal wound to hold himself erect—there was no female revolt against the domination of men who were capable of deeds that so fired women's imaginations."

In the old days, Miss Bisland says, man undertook to be hero to one more intimate than his valet. He took the trouble to please woman's imagination. "I accuse man of having willfully cast from him the noblest crown in the world—of having wrongfully abdicated. War has at least this merit, that it forces him to drop the vulgar, careless ease of the bourgeois and resume, for the time at least, those bold and vigorous virtues which made him woman's hero and cheerfully accepted master."

Fresh Air Fund.

Received from A. J. Burke \$2.00

Archbishop Walsh.

Christian Guardian, Aug. 3.

Toronto has lost a prominent and distinguished citizen in the person of Archbishop Walsh, and the Catholic Church has lost one of its leaders. Archbishop Walsh came to this city nearly nine years ago, and since that time has earned an enviable reputation as a broad-minded, public-spirited, large-hearted citizen. During years of seclusion and retirement, the late Archbishop held to the ways of peace and moderation. He was a profound student, a versatile writer, an energetic and distinguished churchman, a useful citizen, and a kind, amiable and conciliatory man.

The rather remarkable omission in this otherwise laudatory notice is that no reference is made to Archbishop Walsh as a Christian. Does the *Guardian* think he was not one? Was it an omission, or is this an evidence of the narrow spirit of an otherwise excellent denominational newspaper?—Ed.



Sir Hercules—I don't think I'd wear rationals if I were you, my dear girl; knickers don't suit girls as they do men.—Pick-Me-Up.

Social and Personal.

ONE of the brightest and prettiest little ladies who visited Toronto last winter was Miss Macdonald of Nanawee, who was on Thursday married to Mr. Albert E. Webb of 86 Charles street, a well known Toronto gentleman. The wedding gown worn by Miss Macdonald was one of the most sumptuous ever sent out of Stitt's premises, and was imported specially for the bride. It was of white *moire antique*, embroidered in a design of tulips, and having no other garniture than a bertha of very rich Brussels lace and some touches of orange blossoms. The design was princess, with a pleated Watteau train of great length. The *tulle* veil was fastened with a crescent of diamonds. Miss Carrie Webb's fair loveliness was enhanced by her lovely bridesmaids dress of shell-pink grosgrain, trimmed with cream *mousseline-de-soie*, the new circular flounce being trimmed with tiny tucked ruchings. The bodice was an Empire waist, with corded sleeves, finished with ruches of the *mousseline*. A leghorn picture-hat, faced with black velvet and trimmed with pink silk veiled in cream *mousseline* and caught with steel ornaments, was surmounted with soft black and white plumes. Little Miss Mary Vrooman was a pretty flower-girl. Mr. Harry O'Flynn, the Madoc banker, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Webb went to Narragansett Pier for their honeymoon. On their return they will reside in Toronto. The marriage took place amid a circle of intimate friends and relatives, and the bride went away in a lovely travelling dress of Quaker drab Irish poplin, lined with cherry silk. The entire skirt was corded in fairy tucks, and the Louis coat of poplin, faced with darker velvet, opened over a vest of turquoise and drab-striped silk. The *chapeau* was of fancy drab straw, with mottled partridge feathers and touches of cerise and blue, repeating the colors of the dress. The *tout ensemble* was one of Stitt's most charming confections. The bride's mother, Mrs. Macdonald, was stunningly gowned in handsome Victoria blue satin brocade, trimmed with duchesse lace *applique* over white satin, and looked the picture of a dignified and handsome mother. During the coming season Mrs. Albert Webb will be one of the young brides who will be universally admired.

On Thursday the Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon paid a hurried visit to Stitt's dressmaking parlors while their train was at the station. The purpose of the visit was to have some very elegant coming-out frocks fitted upon the young lady, as the Countess of Aberdeen has given a large order to this clever Toronto firm to prepare some gowns for the *debut* of Lady Marjorie in the Old Country. It has appeared a very complimentary and welcome thought on the part of her lady-mother that the sweet young girl who so charmingly represented Canada at the grand function last winter should be also allowed to make her *debut* in garb illustrating the taste and style which have been achieved by our leading Toronto costumers.

The terrible sadness of the accident resulting in the taking away from a loving family circle of bright and popular George Coates, a young man scarcely past his majority, has clouded the hearts of many warm friends this week. Sympathy seems powerless to help the mourners in bearing the burden and shock of this sad tragedy, and one can only wait for time's kindly offices to dull the pain of parting with one so well loved and so deeply regretted.

The regatta which was promised much social significance and interest, in the face of the obvious fact that society is out of town, has been *en train* during the entire week, and has been participated in by the sporting fraternity with much enjoyment and enthusiasm. A sprinkling of ladies were at the Club, mainly the wives and daughters of the Rowing Club members and their comrades, the sailing fraternity. Mr. Emilius Jarvis, Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, left on Wednesday for Montreal to sail Mr. Duggan's yacht, as that canny sailor has not sufficiently recovered to do so himself. The weather has been perfect for the summer regatta, all it has lacked being spectators.

Sir Charles and Lady Rivers-Wilson, with a party of guests, including Miss Pauncefoot, daughter of the British Ambassador in Washington, were in town this week. Lady Rivers-Wilson and Miss Pauncefoot did some shopping and took a drive together. The visitors were traveling in two sumptuous private cars—the Violet, of which so much was recently written, and the Canada.

The *Rider and Driver*, New York, gave, last Saturday, a picture of Mr. George Percival's road coach, Mascot, a familiar and smart equipage in Toronto. The coach is shown standing in front of the Queen's Hotel. The *Rider and Driver* thus criticizes the turnout: "We regret, however, that Mr. Percival's appointments are not more complete and correct for a gentleman turning out a road coach. The most glaring fault of all is the park livery of the one coachman who stands at the leaders' heads. We would not call attention to this error were it not that by publishing the picture some of our readers might take it to be correct and fall into the same grievous mistake."

Mrs. Seton Pemberton (*nee* Riddon) is one of the Canadian ladies who have made their bow to Royalty this season.

In a dispute about the ancestry of the ex-Empress Eugenie, now in process of threshing out in a society paper of the Mother Country, occurs a reference to a family name and family seat which have each a representative in the city of Toronto. The paragraph says: "The ex-Empress of the French is, maternally, a granddaughter of the late Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, English Consul at Malaga, who had no personal connection whatever with Closeburn, since he merely claimed to descend from Alexander Kirkpatrick of Kirkmichael, whose elder brother, the keeper of Lochmaben Castle, died in 1502, and was the ancestor of the first Baron of Closeburn, so created one hundred and eighty-three years later on. The Kirkpatricks have a Stuart descent, but from a period long before the latter became royal."

At the final meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in London, the wife of our coming Governor-General occupied the box-seat of Sir John Dickson Poynder's coach, wearing a pale gray frock, with white *ficus* and diamond brooch. A black and white toque set off her appearance, which the London chronicler describes as "quite lovely."

On Friday of last week the entire population of one of our most efficient charities, the Girls' Home in Gerrard street, enjoyed a trip to Hanlan's Point through the courtesy of the Toronto Ferry Company. Seventy-nine little and big girls were of the party, with nurses and teachers. Mr. Charles Campbell of the Grand Union Hotel treated the children to a view of the ball game and plenty of peanuts. The manager of the merry-ground gave them the freedom of the outfit for a blissful ten minutes, and on the way home in the evening a generous fruit vendor in Yonge street south gave them a couple of baskets of fine pears. To each and all of these kind friends the children wish to express their gratitude for a very pleasant outing.

Sir Richard Cartwright was a guest at the Rossin House this week and left on Thursday morning for Quebec to attend the conference between representatives of the United States and Great Britain, at which he is one of the Canadian commissioners.

Mr. Willie Barker of Cecil street is recovering from a mild attack of typhoid fever. It is supposed Mr. Barker took the fever while camping out last month.

Several handsome residences are going up in College street, which means just so many more pleasant homes to the many already well liked by Toronto society.

Mrs. Garrow and son, Master Alan Garrow, of Goderich, are guests at the Rossin House this week, staying with Mr. J. T. Garrow, M.P.P.

Dr. W. L. Post, accompanied by his wife, has been visiting his father-in-law, Inspector Greer, 95 Jameson avenue, for the past two weeks. The doctor returns to New York on Tuesday.

Captain Kavanaugh, the hero of San Juan, was in town this week.

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Special sale of High Class Goods at greatly reduced prices. Cloth Gowns, Coats, Skirts and Blouses at a big reduction. Just received new Dress Materials for early Fall wear.

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We have just manufactured a very choice line of Diamond Pendants and Hair Ornaments—something a little nicer than we have hitherto attempted to carry in stock.

Some of our customers who have seen them wonder if there can possibly be a market for such fine goods in Canada.

We think there is a demand for them—somewhat limited of course, but the prices at which we are able to offer them through buying the diamonds in Amsterdam must prove a strong inducement.

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are all alike. Quite the contrary. Some never look well. Some look well at first but soon give out because not honestly made. Others look well at first and continue to look well because they are honestly made. We guarantee our floors against all defects that may ever arise from faulty material or workmanship, and our guarantee is good. We can satisfy you on this point. We could not afford to do this unless we did our work well. All we ask is that the floors have reasonable care. We furnish wax and brushes for keeping floors in order. We will tell you all about these things if you will write us. Catalogue free.

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TORONTO.

Social and Personal.

THE Island Aquatic Hall was very closely filled with a more than usually bright assemblage of young folks last Friday. Certainly the management have this year secured a wonderfully bright and bonny lot of patronesses, and as a natural consequence a large attendance of men. The excellence of the music is one of the principal attractions, and the care taken to have the floor in perfect shape is also a strong inducement to lovers of dancing. Very few are sitting out these Friday evenings, for the married people are in the minority and one chaperone is apt to do duty over a dozen girls from city or island homes. The Misses Brown of Montreal are a couple of popular newcomers at Ellesmere House, and one of the young ladies received much attention as a guest at the dance on Friday. Pretty Miss Campbell of Guelph, Miss Sauter, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge and Miss Brown were a charming quartette from the big Center Island summer pension. Among city sojourners at Ellesmere House are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gurney, Miss Gurney and younger members of the family, who all went over last week. A few of the many at the Association dance last Friday were: Mr. and Mrs. Will Lamont and party, Miss Amy Seton Thompson, the Misses Hedley, Mr. Charlie Michie, Mr. and Miss Bell, Mr. Gordon Osler, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Wissner, Mr. Kelso, the Misses Davies, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Colin Harbottle, Mr. Charles DeLisle, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Mrs. Boisseau, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Kappele and party, the Misses Cowan, Mr. Counsel, Mr. and Miss Byrne, and Miss Davis of Sarnia.

A tremendous exodus to Muskoka and all points of interest as summer resorts was observable on Saturday, owing to the Civic Holiday on Monday and the very cheap rates now obtaining by boat and rail. A number of travelers going west on the C. P. R. had a thrilling experience near Ayr, where a sudden cave-in of the track detained the trains for hours about the witching time of night. It was a funny sight when the travelers adjourned to the grassy fields and stretched themselves, camp fashion, on the dry sod, in the glorious moonlight, finding an *at fresco* snooze much more enjoyable than a sojourn in the close and dusty cars. Though it was a tiresome experience and rather an exciting moment while the heavy train was cautiously dragged over the uncertain road-bed (eminently suggestive of a drop through to China), everyone reached home none the worse and having an interesting subject for conversation.

The utterances of clever Eve Brodrique in the Chicago Times, after her little holiday with Jean Blenheim in Blenheim, and other Canadian friends, in regard to the closing term of Vice-Regal residence in Canada, very aptly sum up the general feeling of the public who have not been admitted into so close an intimacy with the representatives of Royalty as to find their mouths closed over frank expression.

"The Aberdeens," says Eve, "are leaving Canada soon." In spite of their wealth, their hospitality and their utter kindness of heart, Lord and Lady Aberdeen have never been as popular in Canada as they would seem to have deserved." Miss Brodrique cites various reasons for this fact—too much democracy, too advanced sociology, too evident a taste for patronizing the "sturdy Canadians," but she has not quite got to the core of the matter. Without unduly flattering the Canadians I honestly believe that the whole Aberdeen outfit has from the first outraged the good taste of the nation. As to Regal, or rather Vice-Regal pomp and circumstance, that was essayed in the train-bearing pages and the court veils and feathers of opening days at Ottawa. Canada looked on and doubted. It didn't seem to fit easily. The advanced sociology bored us to death, and was rubbed in upon our unwilling hides until irritation was plainly evident. One can forgive one's Highnesses for snubbings, but not for borings. The various philanthropic and helpful agencies which have in turn over-cast the busy brain of Her Ladyship and have been forced upon a more clear-sighted and somewhat long-suffering public, may or may not continue to thrive after her fostering tongue has ceased to be eloquent in their behalf. Probably what is practicable and necessary will continue to do us good. But there has been too much parade, too much sounding of trumpets, too many private letters oozing taffy at every full stop, which have been naively printed for the public gaze by the desire and suggestion of their recipient. There has been, in short, too much bad taste, not to call it by a harsher name; and instead of regretting the receptivity and lack of appreciation of the Canadian public, it was wiser to return thanks for their good-nature and be glad of their long-suffering. The moving spirit of the Aberdeen regime has not been Lord Aberdeen; this alone contains the key to the whole situation. The penalty of a mild unpopularity with the general run of the people has strangely descended upon an amiable pair who certainly have outdone all previous records in striving to gain the very opposite gaudion.

A very beautiful trousseau has been for some time on the way at Stitt's, for a handsome bride whose marriage day is set for September 14. Miss Atkinson of Chatham, daughter of Charles R. Atkinson, Q. C., is the bride-elect, and Mr. Gould, the wealthy head of the Gould Bicycle Company of Brantford, is to be the happy bridegroom.

Toronto friends will be interested to hear of the well-being of Rev. Charles Le V. Brine, once assistant minister of St. Simon's church, and now nicely settled in New Hampshire, whence he sends assurances that he does not forget old friends.

On Wednesday evening, August 10, the residence of Mr. Alfred G. Ecclesstone, Parkdale, was the scene of a quiet but

very pretty wedding, when his daughter, Miss Bessie Hamilton, was married to Dr. Malcolm Weetsee Sparrow of Parkdale. The ceremony was performed at 8.30 o'clock by Rev. A. J. Rankin, in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties, and a few of their most intimate friends. At the beginning of the ceremony Mendelssohn's beautiful Wedding March was rendered by Miss Bella Sparrow, sister of the groom, in the midst of which the groom, attended by his brother, Mr. J. M. Sparrow, entered the prettily decorated drawing-room and awaited the coming of the bride. Before the music ceased the bride made her advent, escorted by her father, and attended by Miss Mabel Graydon of Streetsville looking charming in a gown of white satin, with chiffon trimming. Her veil was fastened with a crescent of pearls, and her bouquet was of white roses arranged in shower effect. The bridesmaid wore a gown of white organdie, trimmed with lace, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. After congratulations and refreshments the happy couple left for a short trip east. Upon their return they will reside at 86 Macdonell avenue, Parkdale, and will receive early in September, of which notice will be duly given.

Miss Edna L. Sutherland of Boston, Miss May Hope Bryson of Montreal, and Miss Lulu May Cays of Kingston are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Day of 82 Close avenue, Parkdale.

A pretty morning wedding was celebrated on Thursday at the bride's father's residence, 44 Rose avenue, when Miss Annie Irving Murray, daughter of Mr. Thomas Murray, and Mr. Fred Louthood of Winnipeg were married. Only about thirty near relatives were present and the wedding was a very quiet one, but the house was beautifully decorated in pink and white, and there were many handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Louthood left immediately for their home in the West.

Miss J. H. Wilson, who has been nursing in New York, has gone to Fort McPherson, Georgia, as a United States Army nurse. Miss Charlotte Wilson left New York on Friday, August 5, with nineteen other nurses to organize a field hospital at Chickamauga, Tenn., one of the large United States camps.

The following are the latest arrivals at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe:—Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin, Mr. J. F. Wilkin, Mr. J. H. Milne, Mr. C. G. Carmichael, Miss N. C. Dixon, Mr. Samuel Stern, Mr. W. G. Wilson, Mrs. Lewis Samuel, Miss Samuel, Mrs. George R. Joseph, Miss Galbraith, Mr. J. A. M. Alley, Mrs. P. Jacob, Mrs. L. Reinhardt, Mr. Ernest Reinhardt, Miss Winderheld, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville and family, all of Toronto; Mrs. Walter Ferrier and family, of Ottawa; Mrs. William Donald and family, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. N. Wallace of Montreal; Mr. James Vair, Mr. W. L. Vair, Mr. Geo. H. Scott, Mr. F. Ewan, all of Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Caldwell, Chicago.

Mrs. Bickford is stopping at Maplehurst, Muskoka, for the month of August.

Miss Dottie Davidson, Parkdale, who has been spending a few weeks at Hamill's Point, Muskoka, has returned to the parental roof.

Mrs. A. Moir Dow of St. Patrick street was a passenger on the Cunarder Lucania last Saturday for Europe, where she will spend the next three months on a pleasure trip.

Mr. Justice Lister and Mrs. Lister, of Sarnia, were in town this week, guests at the Rossin.

Dr. W. W. Andrus, a Canadian who is doing well at Miles City, Mont., was with Mrs. Andrus, a guest at the Rossin this week, returning home from a pleasant holiday amongst relatives near Bowmanville.

The Italian, Donato, whom Wheelman John Howe of the steamer Garden City saved from drowning in the bay Sunday afternoon, is only one of several lives Mr. Howe has rescued. He was presented just a year ago at Port Dalhousie, before a gathering of several thousand people, by Mr. Wm. Gibson, M.P., with the Humane Society medal for saving the life of a youth from drowning in one of the Welland Canal locks the preceding April under peculiarly dangerous circumstances. The hero is as modest as he is splendid a specimen of Canadian manhood.

Rev. H. C. Speller and Mrs. Speller, of Sarnia, were guests at the Rossin this week.

Mr. Adam Nelson of the Rossin has returned from a fishing trip on the Georgian Bay. Mrs. Nelson is stopping at the Penetanguishene.

Mr. F. F. Pardee, M.P.P. for West Lambton, one of the new members of the Ontario Legislature, bids fair to follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father, the late Hon. T. B. Pardee, Commissioner of Crown Lands for many years in the Mowat Government. Mr. Pardee's maiden speech in the House on Wednesday night made a markedly favorable impression. He is gifted with a fine presence, a clear, ringing, rangy voice, graceful gesture, and speaks easily and well upon present political questions. Mr. Pardee's home is in Sarnia—while attending the Session he lives at the Rossin—and he is yet a bachelor.

Rev. J. Pitt Lewis, rector of Grace church, has returned from a holiday and is again *en pension* at the Rossin.

A very smart yachting party from Ottawa passed up the lake on Friday on the magnificent yacht, *Glenora*. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. Miss Sparks, the Misses Edwards, D. M. McPhail, W. Henderson, H. Garland. The party came via the Ottawa and St. Lawrence and lakes, and intend spending a few days at Rat Portage. Rev. W. H. H. Sparks

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to retain her youthful looks, but to do so it is necessary for her to keep on her toilet table some thing to prevent crowfeet, lines and wrinkles, etc. The very best preparation procurable is

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joined the party at Port Huron. The party are after fun, frolic and freckles.

Rev. W. H. H. Sparks accompanied his uncle, W. Ogilvie, the commissioner of the Yukon, as far as Owen Sound, en route to the Klondike.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marr of Markham left this week for an extended tour in the Maritime Provinces, staying in Montreal, Quebec, Moncton and Halifax during their journey.

Another very pleasant At Home and hop took place last Saturday evening at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The large and spacious dining-room, being cleared of its tables and seats replanned, was artistically decorated for the occasion. Mr. Harry Bennett appeared as usual in his comic songs and was received with hearty applause. Mrs. Thompson sang very sweetly some popular songs. Mr. Bert Thompson gave an exhibition of fancy club-swinging. The duet, *The Upper Ten and the Lower Five*, by Mrs. Thompson and Mr. H. Bennett, was well rendered and loudly applauded. The piano selections by Miss Ella Henderson were indeed worthy of praise. After the At Home dancing was indulged in by a large number of the guests. Among those present were: Mrs. Sherwood and family, of Ottawa, Mrs. Beddome and Miss Beddome of London, Mrs. Percy Thomas and daughter, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. (Dr.) Kelly, Mrs. Bu-h of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. E. Caisey of Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. E. Sparks, Sparling, Walter Sparling, Mr. Gibbs, Major Thompson and family, Miss Tasher, Mr. J. Tasher, Mr. Percy McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Medland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Thomp-

son, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson, Mr. George Thompson, Master Gordon Thompson and Miss Gladys Thompson, Miss Hazlehurst, Mrs. and Miss Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Horner, Dr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Neuman, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Bertha Wright, Master George Wright, Miss Louise Haas, Miss Ella Henderson, Miss F. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, all of Toronto; Mr. Travers and family, of Berlin, Mrs. Walsh and Master Howie Walsh of Detroit, Mr., Mrs. and Miss McLain of Buffalo, N. Y.

Society at the Capital.

THE Earl and Countess of Minto will evidently not see "Our Lady of the Snows" till November, as they are to spend September and part of October at Minto House, their place in Roxburghshire. This reminds me that long before his appointment Lord Minto had promised to contribute a chapter on the North-West Rebellion of 1885 to Mr. J. Castelli Hopkins' Encyclopedia.

Colonel Hutton, our new commanding officer, and Major Foster, who succeeds Col. Lake as Quartermaster-General, sailed for Canada on the 10th of August. Society—or rather what still remains of it—here is not a little curious to know if these two officers are to be classed among the "noble army of martyrs." It is said that Col. Hutton is bringing out with him as his A.D.C. a Major Marling of the 18th Hussars, and a Victoria Cross man to boot, but I very much doubt if the munificent salary of one thousand dollars will prove a sufficient inducement to this hero.

Miss Kirkpatrick of Toronto is in town, staying with Miss Keefer of New Edinburgh.

Col. Turner, the United States Consul-General, and Mrs. Turner gave a most delightful and unique party on Friday evening, it being nothing less than a "corn roast." It came off at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, and was attended by the guests staying at the hotel, and a number of people from town. Cake walks, songs and the like were the order of the day—or rather night.

Mr. Howland of St. John, N.B., is in town on a visit to Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Toller, Chapel street.

Hon. Mr. Macdougall and Mrs. Macdougall left on Thursday for Dorval, Quebec, where they will be the guests of Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard at their pretty summer cottage.

Archbishop Duhamel got back to town on Saturday from Toronto, where he attended the funeral of the late Archbishop Walsh. While there His Grace was the guest of Major and Mrs. Gray of Gerrard street.

Dr. and Mrs. Ami of Claremont, Cooper street, left on Monday for Nova Scotia, where they intend to spend the next few weeks.

Mrs. J. J. McGee, wife of the Clerk of the Privy Council, and her two daughters are spending the month of August at Stanley Island.

Mr. Vivian Brown-Wallis got back to town on Tuesday of last week from Toronto, where he visited Mrs. Sommerville, the charming mistress of Athelstone.

Sir Adolphe Caron and Hon. W. B. Ives sail next week on the Parisian for England. They will probably not return before the middle of September.

Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, who spent a short time in Toronto last week at the Rossin House, got back to town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, who have spent the summer abroad, arrived in town on Monday. The Misses Thistle, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Egan on their trip, are not expected home for some weeks.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and Lady Tupper left on Friday evening for the Maritime Provinces. Prior to their departure they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McCaskill of Montreal.

Miss Geddes left on Friday for Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, where she will be the guest for a few weeks of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sparks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris sail, about the middle of September for a lengthy visit to friends in England.

Ven. Archdeacon Bogert, rector of St. Alban's church, is spending his well earned holidays with the Bishop of Ottawa in Cacouna.

Ottawa, August 9, 1898.

"It is remarkable that one rooster can do all that crowing." "I think the little rooster is helping him." "Oh, yes; an auxiliary crew-sir."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Oh, mamma, don't read any more about cannibals being wicked for cooking the missionaries. Why, my own dad's as bad as any of them; I heard him tell you himself that at dinner last night he toasted all his friends.—*Ally Sloper*.

Visiting humorist—I saw a new gag to-day on the Jersey mosquitoes. Jerseyite (soberly)—Don't ye deceive yerself, young man. Yew may hev seen suthin' on 'em that looked like a gaz, but ten to one it's only some new-fangled contrivance fer gettin' a better hold.—*Judge*.

Spanish Editor—What's the news from America? Assistant—Cervera and our other captured heroes have reached Portsmouth. Spanish Editor.—Put out a bulletin: "Admiral Cervera and his brave men effect a landing in the heart of Yankeeland."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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THE MISSING MISER.

BY WALTER JERROLD.

THE time was the evening of a summer's day; the place a small Surrey village within thirty miles of London; the immediate scene an old-fashioned brick and timber cottage, standing at the extreme end of the village, and inhabited by an old solitary, Gregory Garlow by name.

Gregory was a man of over seventy, a recluse, who was something of a mystery to the whole of the neighborhood. The present generation knew him only as an eccentric old fellow who lived by himself, spending very few shillings each week on his living. The younger folk called him a "miser," but their elders thought that they knew better, seeing that each month he was known to receive a postal order for one pound from some one in London, presumably a wealthier relative.

On the July evening on which our story opens the old man might have been seen in the large brick-floored sitting-room of his cottage, and could any of the villagers have glanced in they would have concluded at once that he well merited the title of miser so liberally bestowed upon him by the juveniles. Daylight was rapidly fading, so he lit a tin oil-lamp which hung from the great center beam which crossed the ceiling supporting the others, and went to the window to draw across it the heavy piece of stuff which did duty for a curtain.

As he did this he failed to notice a man's face that was quickly withdrawn from the diamond-paned window which it had been pressed, but he did observe that the gate was open at the end of the red-tiled path which ran between borders well filled with a flourishing potato crop.

At once all his fears were alert. Who could have opened his gate? He turned to the table in feverish haste, seized some papers, and pushed them into his pocket, and then catching up the gold and silver which he had been counting, pushed it into a coarse linen bag and went to the open hearth, with its quaint, old-fashioned, overhanging chimney. He stooped under the front of this and stood up to put his small board on the deep shelf at the side. His head and shoulders were hidden by the front of the chimney, and he did not, therefore, see a strange man enter the room, and was indeed totally unaware of the presence of any intruder until he heard a muttered—

"Damn the old hunk, where have he and his money got to?"

The poor old man trembled with double fear—for himself and for his precious money—as he stooped down in a cramped posture on the hearth and looked out with livid face and horror-struck eyes at the speaker. The latter heard the slight movement which the old man made, and rushed upon him, hissing:

"That's where you keep your money, is it?"

Poor old Garlow was dragged rudely from the hearth and began shrieking for assistance as loudly as his worn-out strength would permit.

"Help! help!" in piteous tones, rang out his aged treble.

"You'd better be quiet," said the other, with a muttered oath; "and you'd best give up some of that money quietly."

"No; leave me. Help! help!" and the old fellow, with strength born of despair in realizing that he must help himself, turned on the robber.

The latter, younger by nearly half a century, seized the other by the throat and swore that if he did not hold his tongue it would be the worse for him. Firmly gripping his victim he shook him backwards and forwards, and as the old man's grasp on his arms suddenly relaxed, threw him to the floor.

"So much the better," said his assailant; "perhaps you'll lie quiet for a minute or two now."

Saying this, he stooped within the chimney and stood up as the old man had done. Striking a match he peered over on to the sooty brick shelf at the side. On this he found the bag which he had seen on the table and a smaller one. Seizing them as the match which he held burnt his fingers and went out, he advanced into the middle of the room.

He looked at the old man lying inert upon the floor.

"Perhaps, you old fool, you'll be more generous to a visitor next time."

On the point of leaving the cottage with his booty a sudden horror seized him, and he glanced again at the man whom he had so roughly handled, went up to him and turned him over on his back.

"My God! he's dead!"

The robber started with terror at the crime which he had committed for the possession of a few pounds. Then the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and he dragged the body across the room to the hearth. As he did so a paper fell from one of his pockets. The man picked it up, and saw on it inscribed "Last Will and Testament."

"Your last will, is it?" he said, pushing it back into the pocket from which it had fallen; "well, there it is, and much good may it do you."

By dint of much struggling and pushing he succeeded in getting the body up on to the shelf from which he had just taken the money. The brick recess was only about two feet deep by two and a half in length, and the old man's limp limbs hung over, do what his murderer might.

Some distance above the shelving bricks an iron bar crossed the chimney—probably used at some time for hanging bacon during the process of smoking. Catching sight of this the stranger brought a chair

on to the hearth, and standing on it succeeded in getting the old man's body into an upright posture between the bar and the wall, and tied him to the former by his neckcloth, so that his head hung partly over it while his feet rested on the shelf.

"That'll not easily be seen," said the murderer, as he shifted the chair back into the room, "and if it is they'll think the old bloke 'anged 'isself." Then he took the lamp and peered upwards, and turned away again in horror and fear, the light shining directly on the old white face, which seemed to be glaring downwards.

"It's to be hoped the chimney don't want sweeping yet," said the man to himself as he drew back with a face scarcely less pallid than that of his victim. Carefully locking the front door he went to make his escape by the back way. In the yard he paused and wondered if "it" was really safe from detection. Terrified at the very suspicion of discovery, he caught sight of a heap of lime and other materials where old Garlow had been engaged in erecting a pig-sty.

A fresh thought seemed to strike the man, and muttering, "I'm sure the chimney ain't safe," he returned once more to the scene of his crime, inspired by a new idea of hiding all traces of the deed.

II.

At the opposite end of the straggling village of Thornely to that where Garlow's cottage was situated, lived the one person in existence for whom the old man evinced any real affection. So far as the world knew—the world, that is to say, of villagers—Mary Mardeau was Gregory Garlow's only living relative, and she was the orphan child of his niece, who had been the only child of his only sister. It is true that it was supposed that the old man might be a pensioner of a richer relative who did not care to acknowledge the kinship, but this was a mere ingenious surmise to account for the monthly arrival of a postal order for twenty shillings.

Mary, herself, too, afforded delectable fare for the local gossips. At the time of our story she was a beautiful girl of eighteen, and she had lived, ever since her arrival in the village a slip of a child of ten, with a widow who kept a school for small children. Mrs. Page could give but little information about her charge. All she knew was that Mary was a very nice obliging child, and that every quarter day brought a regular and liberal remittance from a London solicitor.

Mary, on her first arrival at Thornely, had seen but little of her elderly relative, but as she grew up from girlhood to young womanhood her bright and winsome face and her neat ways had won the old man's heart, and he was quite willing that she should come to his solitary cottage twice, or sometimes three times a week to "tidy up" for him. Even with her, however, he was reticent as to her family history, a matter on which as she grew older she naturally became more curious. All that she could learn from him was that many years before when quite a young man he had taken part in the California gold rush, and had returned to England worse off than when he left it; had returned to find his only sister dead, she having married and left a baby girl—Mary's mother. Of her later history he knew, or professed to know, nothing.

"Maybe you'll know when you're older; you're but a child as yet. Be satisfied as you are."

The girl would often have liked to question him further, as to who it was that paid Mrs. Page quarterly for her keep, and at the same time sent her a sufficiency of pocket money, but Uncle Greg would put a stop to such discussion by saying that it must be "some old fool or another, with more money than wit," and she had to be content—or at least had to put up with ignorance.

Pleased as the old fellow had been for the last two or three years at the young girl's frequent visits, he would not hear of her coming to live with him in the cottage. Least of all would he have entertained such a notion during the few months which immediately preceded this eventful July. For within those months Mary had been foolish enough to fall in love with and win the affectionate homage of a young artist, Francis Shirley, who had stayed for some weeks in the village that he might sketch the varied beauties of the sandy common on the edge of which the village stood, and of the leafy lanes which abounded in the neighborhood.

She had, indeed, not only fallen in love with the artist, but on the very evening on which our story opens, when they had been wandering in one of these same lanes, she had replied to his low-spoken addresses with a whispered promise to become his wife.

In doing so, however, she smiled, and said that she was something of a "mystery," and he had better not bind up his fate with hers, for he didn't know what she might turn out to be.

"Darling," he replied, "what does it matter? You cannot turn out to be anything but my Mary."

"I don't know that, Frank," she said, dropping her voice almost to a whisper over this first use of her lover's Christian name; "think of my Uncle Greg."

"Your uncle is an eccentric old brick," said the young man, warmly. "You see, you don't know whom his sister married, or whom your mother married."

"And very little about who it is that I'm going to marry," broke in Mary, with

half-fearful jocularity, for never did her ignorance as to one side of her family history pain her more than at this blissful time.

"He was but a landscape painter," is all that anyone will be able to say of your husband, for, dearest, I am, no Lord Burleigh in masquerade," Frank said, stealing his arm around her waist as he recognized the pathetic note in her voice.

"Thank you, sir," said she, with smiling, mock humility, and adapting Tennyson's lines:

"You are but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden me."

"Ah!" returned he, "perhaps it is the 'village maid' who is the impostor, and I shall find you suddenly becoming a Lady Burleigh and soaring away into Society with a capital S, and leaving the poor landscape painter to go down, down, down until he becomes a kerbstone artist and

"Chalks Christ and mackerel on the flags
And does extremely ill."

Thus they talked on all the meaningless nonsense of young lovers who have just found their bliss in the acknowledgment of mutual affection.

By a strange freak of fate the conversation on which we have been prying had taken place during the same early hours of the July evening on which so terribly different a scene had been enacted at the cottage of Gregory Garlow.

When the newly-engaged couple separated at Mrs. Page's garden gate it was arranged that Frank, whose third stay in the village had just come to an end, should go with Mary to her uncle's cottage on the following morning before returning to London, that he might get his suit sanctioned by the girl's only known relative.

Laughing and talking at noon the next day they went up the red-tiled path to the old man's place.

"Naughty uncle," said Mary to her companion; "he ought to begin and dig his potatoes, for see, their flowers are beginning to fade," and she plucked a piece of the beautiful blossom of the homely vegetable.

But no Uncle Greg was visible to receive her reproaches. The door and windows of the cottage, to the girl's great surprise, were severely closed.

"It is funny," said Mary, commenting on this fact, "for uncle generally has them all open. He must be up long before this."

Then her eyes caught sight of the curtain across one of the windows partially overgrown by a rampant vine.

"Oh! Frank, can he be ill?"

They tried the front door. It was fast.

They knocked and received no response; knocked again, but still without effect.

"Let us try the back," she said, a nervous dread catching at her heart, though she added with affected cheerfulness, "Perhaps he's pottering over the wonderful pig-sty he is building."

They passed around the cottage, and saw brick, lime and cement as though the old man had but just left them. The back door also was shut fast. Shirley looked through the keyhole and declared that the key was still in it. They returned to the front of the house and found that the position of affairs stranger still. Mary began to feel sure that her uncle was ill, and her lover, too, began naturally to feel somewhat nervous on her account.

"You see, dear," he said, in attempted explanation, "your uncle may have got up very early and gone out, for the door has probably been locked from the outside, or else why should the key have been removed?"

"Uncle Greg always gets up early," replied the girl emphatically, "and he would never have gone out leaving the curtain up like that."

"Well, dearest, if you wish it we will get the door forced open."

"Oh, do, Frank, for I feel sure that uncle may be ill and wanting our help."

As they were debating, the policeman who did duty for the whole law-abiding village was seen coming along the road. Frank Shirley hailed him, and he soon formed a third in the puzzled group.

"Well, sir, what is it I'm wanted for?" said the constable in his best official manner, though he knew the "artist chap" quite well, and had been familiar with Mary ever since her first arrival in the village.

"We cannot make Mr. Garlow hear, for all our knocking, and are afraid that he may be ill, and would like to force the door."

"I'm!" said the policeman, as he stooped stiffly and peered through the keyhole, "key ain't in the door."

"No, I had seen that."

"Mayn't the old chap have gone out?"

"Look at that," said Mary, and pointed to the agitating stuff which darkened the window of the sitting-room.

"Well, miss, it do seem curious at this time of the day. Now, if you suspected foul play we could have cause to break in."

"Surely we can do so if we fear the old man is ill!" said Frank, in rising indignation.

"Well," pursued the self-important official, "is Miss Mardeau's relative, an' if she wishes it I'll soon find a way in."

"I wish it," said Mary simply.

Police Constable Tiffin tapped the end of his stout stick through one of the diamond panes of the window, methodically knocking away the jagged edges of glass, and putting his hand through the aperture, easily opened the window, and got through into the room. Frank followed him with agility, and they soon discovered that the old man's bed had not been slept in—that he was nowhere on the premises.

They unlocked the back door and admitted Mary. Each room of the cottage was searched through; everything wore the usual aspect to which one of the three was well used. Nothing was disturbed; but no Gregory Garlow was to be seen.

There was nothing for it but to conjecture as to where the old man could have gone so mysteriously, and to patiently await his return. The constable kept watch and ward at the cottage, and Frank and Mary promised to send the village

odd-job man along at once to repair the window. "H'm!" murmured the policeman to himself as the two went down the road. "They're a well-made couple anyhow. Shouldn't wonder!"

What it was he "shouldn't wonder" at a listener would not have been able to ascertain, though it may be imagined that the policeman had shrewdly guessed the tender relations of his two late companions.

The mysterious disappearance of Gregory Garlow afforded a fruitful topic of discussion with the villagers of Thornely, most of whom liked to know a little more about their neighbors' business than they ever troubled to know of their own. Many were the conjectures started as one after the other attempted to account for the unaccountable. It was recalled by some of the elders that the absentee had as a young man taken part in the great gold rush, and it was suggested that he might have got fired once more with a greed for gold—a suggestion favored by the childish talk of him as a "miser."

Those same young people who called him miser soon had rumors of their own flying about the village, for one of their number, gifted with a more vivid imagination than his fellows, thought it not unlikely that the devil had come suddenly and claimed the miser, and even went the length of heightening the effect of his theory by declaring that he had distinctly smelt sulphur on passing the cottage.

III.

Day after day passed, and even week after week, and still no news was received about the missing man. Mary Mardeau was divided between an indefinable fear over her uncle's prolonged absence and true delight over the love which had come to her. She was persuaded to leave Thornely for a week to visit her lover's family at Hampstead, but insisted on staying away no longer from the village in case the old man should arrive and wonder at her being away.

Thus it came about that Francis Shirley took up permanent lodgings in Thornely and divided his time pretty equally between his art and his fiancée. He had heard of the rumor that Gregory Garlow had gone gold-hunting, and used to chaff Mary over it, saying that perhaps the old man had gone to seek a dowry for her.

"Seriously," he added, "I wish he'd told us that he was going, and how long he intended to be away, for we might have married at once and settled down in his cottage."

When six months had passed, and still nothing was known as to the whereabouts of the old man, it began to be freely discussed in the village whether Mary, as a presumable heir, ought not to take possession of the cottage. She had paid frequent visits to it during the six months that had elapsed, and kept the place clean and tidy "in case uncle should return as suddenly as he went."

She and Frank, too, took the garden in hand and kept it in order; then, as autumn advanced, she had fires frequently going that the place might not be allowed to get damp.

Winter gave way to spring, and the mystery seemed no nearer solution; month by month the usual London letters had arrived for Mr. Gregory Garlow, and month by month they had been pigeon-holed by the village grocer-postmaster pending the old man's return.

Local gossip on the subject had even begun to flag when it was revived one day early in March by the arrival of a stranger in the village, who, it was soon known, had made straight for the post-office and there asked to be directed to Mr. Garlow's house. The postmaster's wife, who happened to be on duty, stared.

"Mr. Garlow, sir?"

"Yes, Garlow; I spoke plainly enough, I believe," answered the visitor with some irritation.

"Well, it's like this, sir, I can direct you to his cottage soon enough, but you won't find him there, sir, as maybe you'll know."

"I know nothing of the kind. Where is he then?"

"That's what we don't know, sir. He went off, or leastways, he disappeared, last July, and hasn't been heard of since by anyone in Thornely. We've quite a number of letters waiting for him."

"Those letters"—the lawyer, for such it was, began, and then broke off: "His niece, Miss Mardeau, is she in the village?"

"Yes, sir, at Mrs. Page's, but I saw her go by half an hour ago with Mr. Shirley; they've gone to Mr. Garlow's cottage, I expect, for they spend a lot of time keeping the garden there straight."

"And this Mr. Shirley, who is he?"

"He's the young gentleman she's going to marry."

"I will go to the cottage and see her." Speaking thus, Thomas Jarvis, solicitor, of the firm of Jarvis, Tunncliffe & Jarvis of Bedford row, London, left the shop and walked thoughtfully down the village. He had gone some distance when he saw a vine-covered cottage standing some fifty or sixty feet back from the road, and in the intervening garden a man and a maid leaning over a border sowing seeds with their heads in very close proximity.

"The turtle-doves, I'll be bound," said the man of law, as he turned in at the gate, which he closed with a snap to give warning of his approach. The two started up with surprise, and saw the usual spectacle of a gentleman in frock coat and silk hat. Saluting Mary, Mr. Jarvis said:

"Miss Mardeau, I believe."

"I am Mary Mardeau."

"And I am Mr. Thomas Jarvis, solicitor to your uncle, Mr. Gregory Garlow," said the new comer, handing her his business card.

"Have you brought news of uncle?" she asked excitedly.

"I have just learned, Miss Mardeau, of Mr. Garlow's extraordinary disappearance. Can we not get indoors for a short time for in these very strange circumstances I must tell you some things of which you may not have heard."

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The three went into the cottage by the back way, the front door remaining a sealed entrance, and there the solicitor told the following story, having duly ascertained that Francis Shirley was in verity the girl's affianced husband, and not only said to be such by village tattlers. "Your uncle, as you are aware, Miss Mardeau, was, or is, a very eccentric man. So far as I know you are his only relative, and you, even, he has chosen to keep in ignorance of his true position. Mr. Garlow was, or is, probably, thought to be a poor man."

Mary bowed assent to the statement.

"He was nothing of the kind. He chose—it was one phase of his eccentricity—that out of his money which I had invested for him and the interest thereon accruing, I should send him one pound a month, and that I should also send a cheque each quarter to Mrs. Page for your maintenance."

"Oh! that is the mystery of it," exclaimed Mary. "Uncle would never tell me who paid for me, nor indeed anything about my parents."

"Mr. Garlow, when he came back a rich man from California many years ago, bought this cottage, and began living his eccentric solitary life, though still a comparatively young man. He had come back hoping to provide for his sister, but found her dead. He provided for her daughter, your mother, as he has done for you, until she disgraced herself irretrievably in his eyes by marrying a foreigner—M. Emile Mardeau, a young French artist of great promise, of whom you may have heard. Your father and mother both died about the time that you were ten years old, and since then your uncle has, unknown to you, and through me, acted as your guardian."

So the whole mystery was cleared, and although Mr. Jarvis was not able to throw any light on Garlow's strange vanishing, Mary felt grateful to him for enlightening her as to her own birth and also as to the fact of her being so entirely indebted to the seemingly self-centered old solitary, her uncle.

"Pending our learning something of your uncle's whereabouts, or of his fate, for we cannot ignore the fact that he was upwards of seventy years of age, we must even go on as we are," thus the old lawyer concluded his talk with the young couple, though he did not see fit to go on and explain that Gregory Garlow's fortune, having been practically untouched, had very materially increased during the many years that its owner had been living the life of a poor cottager. Nor did he see fit to explain that in the event of the old man's death without a will Mary was the sole heir to all his wealth.

It was by no means reassuring to find that the old man's solicitor, who was responsible for the safe-guarding of his money, knew nothing of his whereabouts. Shirley thought that something must have happened to Uncle Greg, although he knew that a very diligent search had been instituted far and near. Mary clung tenaciously to the idea that her uncle would yet be seen one day working in his garden as though nothing had happened.

About a month after the visit of Mr. Jarvis another surprising event happened. A large envelope was one morning handed to Mary as she was in her uncle's garden. It bore the following superscription:

"To the Vine-covered Cottage,
"At the end of Thornely,
"Surrey."

At first she demurred at opening a letter not explicitly directed to herself, but was afterwards persuaded to do so,

when there was found inside a very large old-fashioned key, and the following note from the matron of the infirmary attached to a workhouse in one of the Midland counties:

"A man, name unknown, died here yesterday. He would give no particulars of himself, but asked to have this key—the only thing contained in his pockets—forwarded as I do it herewith. The body will be buried two days from now."

"Oh! Frank, can it be uncle, do you think?"

"I cannot tell, dearest, but I will go at once and find out."

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"Oh, if it should be! How dreadful to die in a workhouse infirmary, away from everybody. But," she added, with a sudden access of the practical, "we had better see whether it is the front door key."

They tried. It was! Francis Shirley had a fruitless and yet further mystifying journey up to the midlands, for when he arrived at the infirmary he found that the man who had died, and who had sent the key to Thornely, was a young fellow about thirty years of age and apparently a tramp.

IV.

On a bright July day just one year after she had first promised to do so, Mary Mardeau became Mrs. Francis Shirley. The wedding took place quietly at Thornely church, Mr. Jarvis, the solicitor, making a special journey to the village to act as her uncle's representative and give away the bride.

Nothing had been heard of Uncle Greg, and it seemed as though nothing ever would be heard of him. A brief honeymoon, spent walking amid the Welsh mountains, having come to an end, the young couple settled down in "the vine-covered cottage at the end of Thornely."

Beautifully did they realize that "love in a cottage," the charms of which have been so often sung; although Mary often thought wistfully of her poor old uncle and benefactor—his fifty pounds a year, still faithfully remitted by Mr. Jarvis, formed no inconsiderable portion of their joint incomes—and wondered what could have become of him.

Nearly two years of married life had come and gone and a small chubby Gregory reigned supreme in Vine Cottage. Mary had insisted, on his arrival, that he should share his father's and her uncle's names, and he was duly christened as Gregory Francis Shirley.

One day in June—just upon three years after the old man's disappearance—a couple of young swallows tumbled down the sitting-room chimney, and Mary called her husband to see to them. He was sitting before his easel in the garden trying to place upon canvas a counterfeit presentment of his tiny son, but at once went in and caught the fluttering birds and put them out on the tiled roof. Then he returned to look up the chimney to see if there were any others.

"Mary, here's a rum go," he said, from the hearth, his head and shoulders up the soot grimed chimney, "your uncle must have been a miser, after all; look here," and he rubbed where a tiny golden speck showed amid the rough cement.

"But, Frank," said his wife, who had joined him, "those bricks are much newer than the rest of the chimney. And how carelessly and roughly they've been put up; they seem to have toppled over against the wall."

"So they have, you very observant little woman. Perhaps your uncle put them there and we've lighted upon his secret hoard."

Mary did not like even her husband to jest over her uncle as miser, and made him desist. Meanwhile, Frank was pulling at some bricks that seemed looser than the others, and suddenly he said:

"Get out quickly, Mary; I believe the bally lot is coming down."

Even as he spoke, and as Mary got from under the projecting chimney, the bricks came down with a run that nearly overset Frank, while the soot and dust almost blinded him as he felt his way into the room.

"Frank, are you hurt?"

"No, dear, but don't look, it's too terrible!"

It was too late to say "don't look," Mary had already caught sight of the ghastly object which had fallen with the bricks. Holding Frank tightly by the arm she went with him to the hearth and

there beheld a huddled up, shriveled corpse, the half-mummified face of which was awful to look upon, but in all its hideous mockery of death was recognizable as that of her missing uncle, the long lost Gregory Garlow!

Poor Mary had clung so tenaciously to the idea that her uncle still lived that the discovery of his murdered remains, with the subsequent enquiry, was a terrible shock to her, and made Vine Cottage impossible any longer as a home; and she and her husband, whose pictures are winning him a reputation, with their baby Greg, are at present living in a beautiful villa on the shores of the Mediterranean, near Genoa.

The time and soot-stained wall found in the old man's pocket gave all of which he died possessed to his grand-niece, Mary Mardeau, as the only living representative of his beloved sister, Mary Garlow.

THE END.

A Sisters' Help.

Brought Renewed Health to a Despondent Brother.

His Health Had Failed and Medicines Seemed to Do Him No Good—Where Others Had Failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Met With Great Success.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—A few years ago my system became thoroughly run down. My blood was in a frightful condition, medical treatment did no good. I surfeited myself with advertised medicines, but with equally poor results. I was finally incapacitated from work, became thoroughly despondent, and gave up hope of living much longer. While in this condition I visited my father's home near Tara.

A sister, then and now living in Toronto, was also visiting at the parental home. Her husband had been made healthy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she urged me to try them. Tired of trying medicines, I laughed at the proposition. However, later on she provided me with some of the pills and begged me to take them. I did so and before I had used two boxes I was on the road to restored health. I am commending their good qualities almost every day I live because I feel so grateful for my restoration, and I have concluded to write you this letter wholly in the interest of suffering humanity. I am carrying on business in Owen Sound as a carriage maker. This town has been my home for twenty-eight years and anyone enclosing a reply three-cent stamp can receive personal endorsement of the foregoing. This much to satisfy those who cannot be blamed for doubting after taking so many other preparations without being benefited. You may do just as you like with this letter. I am satisfied that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be able to attend to my business to-day. Perhaps I would not have been alive.

Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK GLOVER.

He Struck a Snag.

Washington Star.

"ONE day I was doin' a route," said the circus agent, "an' keepin' my lamps peeled for daubs, when I gets a big new barn standin' at a cross roads. I halts my driver, get out my dope and paper, an' gets to work. The first thing I does, of course, is to throw up my stringer across the side of the barn. I just finished it an' was standin' back figurin' my space to put up under it one of the nine-sheet bills of the Nelson family, when I sees an' old rube standin' off to one side watchin' me. He was red-hot."

"Say, young feller," he says, an' he was frothin' at the mouth, never seen a

man so wild. 'Say,' he says, 'what ye mean by pastin' my bran-new barn up with all that gold-darned paper? Dod skin ye, tear 'em down.'

"I give the old guy a 'con' talk an' tried to jolly him up, but he wouldn't stand for it till I offered him a 'comp' to the show, an' that nailed him. He told me to go ahead, an' I began to throw up the Nelson family. I got it about half up when the old hayseed says:

"'Come, come, sonny, that won't never do. I'm a deacon in the church, an' I can't have no gal with no clothes on pasted on the side of my barn.'

"I argued and chewed the rag with him for another ten minutes, an' squared it by givin' him another 'comp' so's I could finish the job. I got up the Nelson family, an' started on a giraffe three sheets, an' he stops me again.

"'Tain't no use, sonny; here, take yer tickets. You'll have to scrape them papers off. I'll get a hoe.'

"'Why, what's the matter now?' I asks him.

"'Why, I've only got two tickets here for me an' the ole woman, an' we won't darst to go, lessen we take my boy Eph along.'

"Well, I had to give him a 'comp.' for Eph, an' I finishes the giraffe three-sheet. Then I steps over to the other side of the nine sheets an' begins throwin' up another three-sheet when the old squeeze lays his hand on me an' says:

"'Say, if Eph goes, Liza'll have to go, too.'

"'You've got all you're going to get,' I says. 'I ain't allowed to give more than one 'comp' to any rube, an' here you've got three.'

"'Tear 'em down, then; tear 'em down,' he says.

"Well, sir, I had to give him a 'comp' for Liza, an' I had to give him another for his hired man, an' two more for his brother an' sister-in-law in town before he'd let me put up a date. That old sucker worked me for seven 'comps' before I got through, an' when I drove away I felt as if I'd been up against a badger game."

Acquaintances.

London Spectator.

Are acquaintances of much value in life? The writer of an exceedingly readable book of reminiscences just issued, replies in the affirmative, declaring that he made up his mind when quite a young man to make all the acquaintances he could, especially among men intellectually superior to himself. We, on the other hand, should be inclined to answer in the negative. There is one way certainly in which a long list of acquaintances is invaluable. It is a reservoir out of which you pick friends, and without friends life would lose half its value and nearly all its agreeableness. There are countries, like America, where they are the only armor of proof, the lone individual being always overwhelmed by the hail of arrows which fall on him, and even in more civilized lands they form the pleasantest of garments against the sleet of life. Indeed, but for those who understand one without having everything, as the Scotch say, "summered and wintered" to them, one fails to perceive the use of having the benignant qualities at all. Better be "a thinking machine" like Mr. Blank, who was never yet known to say a civil thing, or to do an unkindly one. The men and women of one's own clan are seldom so loving or so bright that one needs no others, though they say there was once a Scotch laird who was heard to affirm that about his cousins—he afterward defined his cousins as "those who defer to me"—and except them and one's acquaintance there is no treasure-house from which friendships may be drawn. That, of course, unanswerable, for without friends life loses not only all its charm, but much of its

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It is well enough to talk about the good qualities of a tea, but after all it is what is shown by brewing that is the final test. The number of cups of good tea that can be brewed from a single pound has as much relation to economy as the price per pound. From a pound of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea, 200 cups of tea can be made. Beside, the strength there is the quality of the brew, and in this Ram Lal's stands above all others.

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meaning, and becomes not only a place of pilgrimage, which is the theologian's constant conception of it, but of pilgrimage

through a desert in which there is no water and no shade. There may be Sinai at the end towering above its shadow, but how if one faints before reaching even its foot, and there are neither palm-trees nor cool wells? We understand this writer, however, to claim for acquaintanceships with the bright something more than this, something of that sharpening quality which the old Hebrew attributed to the face of a friend.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and crying with pain of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of teething? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind, gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The Tuneful Liar.

Up-to-Date.

ACCORDING TO SCIENCE.

There is a man in our town

(His name my memory slips)

Who kissed ten thousand microbes

Off his sweetheart's ruby lips.

And when he found what he had done,

With all his might and main,

He rushed up there another night

And kissed them on again.

A little fellow who had some teeth extracted was comforted by the dentist with the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future, the urchin enquired, "Will they come again before dinner?"

The Wabash Railroad Company

With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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Are you worried by thirst and heat these warm days? Most people are. Most beverages seem to only satisfy for the moment—their effect is not lasting. Ice drinks, unless taken carefully, are injurious to the system. What should one do? Take a teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a tumbler of water. It cools the system, quenches the thirst, and has a decidedly beneficial effect. It refreshes and livens you when worn out by oppressive heat. Abbey's Effervescent Salt is cheaper than Soda or Mineral Waters, besides being decidedly more beneficial.

The Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal says: "A morning draught of this stimulating preparation will send a man to his daily occupation invigorated and ready for any task."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

Sporting Comment.

THE eleven cricketers chosen to represent Canada against the United States at Philadelphia on August 29 and 30, is a much younger team than usual—the new men being young players.

These are the men selected:
M. Boyd of Toronto-Rosedale.
J. L. Counsell of Hamilton.
J. C. Chambers of Parkdale.
P. C. Goldingham of Toronto-Rosedale.
J. M. Laing of Toronto-Rosedale.
H. B. McGivern of Ottawa.
W. E. McMurtry of Toronto-Rosedale.
A. W. Mackenzie of Toronto University.
W. Phillips of McGill University.
D. W. Saunders of Toronto-Rosedale (capt.).
W. R. Wadsworth of Toronto-Rosedale.

It is understood that these gentlemen will all be able to get down to Philadelphia for the match, but four other men were chosen as reserves in case any should be unable to go, viz: F. R. Martin and W. R. Marshall of Hamilton, W. G. Bristowe of Ottawa and A. J. Hills of Upper Canada College. The bowlers of the team are: Laing, Goldingham, McGivern, Wadsworth, Phillips, Mackenzie, Chambers, Boyd and Counsell are also good change bowlers, and the two first-named are almost sure to be put on. Of the bowlers, perhaps Goldingham has done the best work all season, yet Laing is now in good shape and, practicing every day, is sending along cannon-balls in his old form. He is in better form than last year, although, perhaps, not the phenomenal trundler he was in '96. McGivern of Ottawa is the trickiest bowler we have had—gives the greatest variety of balls, and although he has not done anything startling just lately, it is certain that he will rise to his opportunity in the international as he always does. Wadsworth has more speed this year than formerly. Phillips of McGill is a good bowler, medium pace, with a good length and a twist, while Mackenzie sends down fast ones. The team should be a very strong one in the field. There is not a poor fielder in the lot; the four new men, Counsell, McMurtry, Mackenzie and Phillips, are exceptionally sharp fielders. In the outfield, Mackenzie and McMurtry will probably do handsomer work than the Philadelphians have been taught to expect from our representatives. D. W. Saunders will keep wickets, and if necessary McMurtry or Counsell can relieve him. It will be remembered that Mossom Boyd was a spare man last year and secured a place through the voluntary retirement of J. L. Counsell, who, finding that he failed to score in some preliminary matches, while Boyd scored well, dropped out in his favor. Boyd's excellent performance in last year's match, however, did not cause his selection this year, for although his name does not appear often in matches he has been practicing nightly, and on the occasions when he has played has scored freely. He will be expected to almost lead the batting again this year. Of Goldingham and Saunders little need be said, for they stand almost beyond all others as cricketers. No members of the team, however, have been batting this year more consistently than Counsell, Chambers and McMurtry. Of the three, Counsell has made the largest scores, while the other two have almost equally good averages. The spare men are nearly as desirable as several of the men who are chosen. That George S. Lyon of Rosedale and A. Gillespie of Hamilton notified the Association of their inability to play, if chosen, is to be regretted. They are both excellent players and unusually popular men.

The ease with which the Torontos defeated Cornwall at lacrosse on Monday finally convinced the admirers of the game in Toronto that the home team is a first-class one. The truth has been more than suspected all season, but the team has played in hard luck on several occasions. To-day the Capitals come up from Ottawa backed by five hundred excursionists, and there should be one of the greatest lacrosse games ever seen here. The Torontos are in fine shape I am told, and playing with a harmony that has too long been lacking.

In the C.L.A. there will be some fast lacrosse between the Tecumseh-Elms, St. Catharines, Orangeville, Seaford and Georgetown. Indeed, there has been some fast lacrosse and the schedule is pretty well played out, but what I mean is that there promises to be a very hot finish.

The Georgetown team has pulled up in astonishing fashion, and Seaford is now supposed to have a stronger twelve than in the days when the Seafords were quite famous.

Frank Addison, the winner of the great Kingston road race, and now holder of the Canadian road record for the twenty miles, is one of those new men who are continually popping up and surprising the handicappers. Beyond winning some shop races last year and a club handicap on the Kingston road in the early part of the season, Addison is a new man. His time, 57.27, nearly a minute better than W. Greatrix's for the same distance, either proves that he is to be a phenomenal rider or that the road was exceedingly good. Greatrix was in the race, his time being one hour flat, so it is fair to suppose the road is not altogether responsible. Last year the Canadian record was beaten in this event, but the new-made record did not stand very long, Greatrix pulling it down in the Dunlop road race over the Woodbine course. Addison is a big, long-limbed youth of Scottish descent. His debut has been sensational; if he keeps in condition he should make a good race for the R. Q. T. time piano.

That aquatics are to the fore this year is beyond question, and swimming is a branch of aquatics which is becoming more and more prominent. The Toronto Swimming Club's third annual tournament held last Saturday was in many respects the most successful of the series. Dr. Paul Neumann, world's champion for the mile, Canadian champion for the half mile, and William Lawless, former Canadian champion, being distinguished contestants from a distance. The races were held off the promenade behind the grandstand at Hanlan's Point, and a large crowd lined the railing overlooking the course. It was not a convenient place for spectators, and the fact that every available vantage point was occupied would show that if we had a properly arranged course where swimming events could be comfortably witnessed by a crowd, it would attract people who do not get an opportunity of witnessing swimming in any other way. The more the general public sees of swimming the more general swimming will become, and swimming is an exercise which should be included with walking and running in every man or woman's education.

The time made last Saturday in the open events was in several cases very fast. The hundred yards was done by Neumann in 75 seconds. Firth of the Toronto Swimming Club was second in this race, beating Lawless by a yard. Firth was also second in the 220 yards event, although Lawless was but a few inches behind. Firth holds the city championship, having won the title in the I.A.A.A. sports last year. He swims a powerful overarm, preferring this stroke to Trudgen for even short distances. He swam the mile captaincy race recently, using this stroke without changing the entire distance. Firth won the fifty yards scratch, open to the club, in thirty-nine seconds, and had lots of strength to spare.

According to Dr. Neumann, the course for the swimming championships at Ottawa a week ago Saturday was measured three times, and was correct enough as far as distance went. The time was slow on account of the current only. Neumann was unable to take part in the swimming events of the Citizens' Regatta, being entered in races in Brooklyn. He says he would travel across the continent to enter a swimming race if it were only for a tin spoon. So perhaps we may see him back here again.

The Muskoka Lakes Association held its annual regatta at Port Sandfield last Monday. This regatta is always the event of the season among those summering on the Muskoka waters. Parties come from the extreme ends of the different lakes to share in the fun or take part in the races. Last year I saw three canoes returning from the regatta at Rosseau to their camp near Port Cockburn. It was then dusk and they had still fourteen miles or so to go. Their trip was probably thirty miles each way. They could have taken the steamer, but paddling gets to be second nature up there and a canoe is what the bicycle is in the city, where the average man prefers to ride his wheel rather than take a car. Many people go up from Toronto and other towns, and the affair is always an inspiring one to ambitious paddlers. The Toronto Canoe Club sent up their champion four. F. Taylor went up for the senior single. Both of these events were captured. The Beggs brothers were second in the tandem. Messrs. Henry and Woods and the Minett brothers seem to have been the stars of this regatta, the former pair beating the Toronto tandem. The Canoe Club paddlers are having a busy time of it just now. There have been several club events lately; then the Muskoka regatta; this week the Citizens' regatta, and on Saturday the crews leave for the A. C. A. camp in the Thousand Islands. Their four ought to do something down there if nothing else is won, as it is one of the best the Club has ever got together.

The probable defender of the half-rater cup on Lake St. Louis to-day is the freakiest boat yet entered in this race. The Dominion is a catamaran. A catamaran was originally a South Sea craft. It is two boats fastened side by side with a platform across. It is capable of carrying an immense amount of sail for its size. I don't know the exact style of the Dominion, Mr. Duggan's new boat, but it is probable that it is not the true type of catamaran. It is likely merely a proa, that is, it has a small balance boat out from the side. There are two or three in Toronto, Mr. Tyson of the Queen City Yacht Club being a proa enthusiast. A real catamaran would be altogether too freaky for the Yankees to pass over. As it is, it is said, as we go

to press, that the Speculator may have to defend the cup against the Seawanhaka, as the Dominion will probably be protested.

THE UMPIRE.

On the Links.

WITH the annual golfing tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake looming in the near future—an event which will not in any way clash with the tournament arranged to be held on the Toronto links the last day of September—a sketch of the famous and beautiful course across the lake will be of interest to intending competitors. The matches this year will in all probability be played over the Fort George course, as the pretty Mississauga course is only a nine hole one, and the plan arranged by the committee one year—half of each match over one links and half over the other, with busses to convey players and their clubs backwards and forwards—was not satisfactory. The idea was a novel one, and impressed upon the large number of visitors present the fortune and resources of the club in having two such beautiful links with such exceptionally good natural hazards, and such grand scenery surrounding both, but there were too many drawbacks, and too much confusion consequent upon having half a mile of town between the two courses, and it was decided to in future confine the play to either one or the other. Since then the funds of the club have been expended lavishly upon the longer course on the river common, and at present it presents a sweeping glance the impression of an immense green meadow. A nearer inspection reveals hazards—all natural ones—which appeal to the heart of any golfer. The course is nearly five thousand yards in length and abounds in roads, race-tracks, hills and hollows, creeks, trees, the ruins of an old fort, a deep railway cutting fifty or sixty feet wide in some places, and innumerable other difficulties, all of which tend to make the eighteen holes anything but easy even to a golfer who delights in difficulties. From the teeing ground—on a mound near the Roman Catholic cemetery—to the first hole (Springs) is 230 yards, with very little trouble ahead. A straight drive of 140 or 150 yards covers a rather nasty bit of rough ground with a dip of twenty yards or so, and a road. A well managed approach of seventy-five yards should place the ball on the green, which lies in a hollow. The second hole (Central) is a little longer, 260 yards, and cuts across a troublesome piece of ground taking in a sand road, a rifle pit, a trail, and crosses the race-track to a smooth, level green about a hundred feet beyond the track, which is edged by a row of maples fifteen or twenty yards apart. A drive of 150 yards takes the ball to good ground and clears the main hazards. Hole three (Grand Stand) is only 210 yards, with a roadway 60 yards from the tee, and the race-track 112 yards farther still. The green lies down in a hollow just beyond the track. No. 4 (Magazine) is an easy one, and only necessitates a straight drive of 180 yards. A road and a dry moat a little to the right punish a sliced ball. No. 5 (Fort George) is a difficult one. A straight drive of 145 cuts the corner of the fort embankment, but such a course is dangerous for any but a sure player. There are two fences topping the embankment, a ploughed and planted field in between, and a deep, dry moat well out of sight on the farther side. If the ball clears these, however, it lands probably on the green or near enough for a short iron shot to lay the ball close to the hole. The safer course is to go around the difficulties, taking 260 yards. No. 6 (Half-moon Battery) is 408 yards, and takes the player to one of the prettiest greens in the course. The hole is not many yards from the edge of the river bank. Across the water lies quiet little Youngstown. Farther down the Yankee fort stands out on the point, and away off to the right the town of Lewiston and the heights of Queenston look down between the windings of the grand old river. The scene is magnificent, and almost tempts a golfer to forget that to arrive there with his ball he had to cross

a rather rough stretch of common, a railway cutting a hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep, and between the cutting and the green a nasty bit of cut-up ground twenty or thirty feet square. No. 7 (Railway Cutting) is 245 yards, with the railway cutting again to be crossed. Of the two ways of reaching the hole, the easiest is to take a short drive to the edge of the cutting—about 130 yards—followed by a short iron shot to the green. The other and more round-about way is to cut across the difficulty in a straight line from the tee, instead of a direct line towards the hole, and having got safely over the hole, instead of 125 yards clear to the hole. No. 8 (Paradise) is a little drive of 95 yards, once more crossing the railway cutting and avoiding an over-drive, which carries the ball in among the oak trees. No. 9 (Race-course), 300 yards, with a return trip over the railway cutting, which is only fifteen yards from the tee. Fairly plain sailing, with race-track a short distance from green. No. 10 (Oaks) is 200 yards. A casual glance leaves the impression of an easy line, with few difficulties. It is anything but easy, however. The drive from the tee must be very carefully placed. A straight one of 120 yards will avoid the main road, trail and sand road. A hundred and seventy yards farther on a seventy-yard stretch of lumpy ground commences, with a narrow ditch running through the center. The green lies beyond the hazard, surrounded by huge oak trees, and it's the coolest spot and one of the best greens in the course. No. 11 (Hawthorn) is 110 yards, and except for a stumpy hawthorn tree 25 feet high and correspondingly wide, which lies directly in the line of play, it is an easy one. No. 12 (Willows) is 370 yards safe cross, or 247 going direct, with a ditch to play over twice. No. 13 (Lewis) is 400 yards and cuts across some hilly ground and one or two roads to a green beside two trees in front of Mr. J. Lewis's property. No. 14 (Officer's Quarters) is about 360 yards direct, but to avoid the hazards of a road crossed several times and some rough rising ground it is usual to go around, so making the line longer. No. 15 (Gables) is a short one of not more than about 200 yards with no hazards of any moment. No. 16 (Peaches) 302 yards uneventful. One or two sand roads and a trail. No. 17 (Dyke) 100 yards. The teeing ground overlooks a slope at the foot of which is a wide ditch and long grass, both out of sight from the tee. A cleek generally takes a well-directed ball to the green, which lies on the slope between the ditch and the race-track. No. 18—The home hole, 475 yards. For hazards there is the dyke to be again crossed, the race-track 70 yards away, and 313 and 334 yards from the tee the main road and a sand road, with another road protecting the green.

The inter-provincial and international matches will be played on the links of the Toronto Club on the last day of September and the 1st of October. The dates were erroneously given last week as the last day of August and the 1st of September.

It is not often that the score in a four-some shows anything very low. Vere Brown and George Lyon, however, in a match with Stewart Gordon and A. W. Smith on the Toronto links last week, came off pretty well in 43 for the first nine holes. The match ended in an overwhelming victory for Lyon and Brown, who, in the eighteen holes, managed to come off six up and four to play.

A recruit, wishing to evade service, was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him: "Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short-sighted." "How can you prove it?" "Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?" "Yes." "Well, I don't."—*Tit Bits.*

Mr. Gidamps (who has been caught by keeper with some fish in his basket under taking size)—Oh—er—well, you see, fact is, my glasses—er—magnify a good deal. Make things look larger than they really are! Keeper (about to receive smaller tip than meets the occasion)—Ah! makes yer put up a shillin' when yer makes 'alf a crown, sometimes, I dessey, sir!—*Punch.*

An Astonishing Appearance.

From Life.



Mr. Dooley Talks of the War.

"T WAS this way," says Dooley. "The Spanish fleet was bottled up in Sandago harbor and they threw the cork. That's a joke, I see it in the papers. The gallant boys in the navy was settin' out on the deck defendin' their country an' drawin' three ca-rds apiece while the Spanish admiral concluded 'twud be better fr him to be dethroyed on the ragin' sea, him bein' a sailor, thin to have his fleet captured by cav'ry. Anyhow he was willin' to take a chance, an' he said to his sailors: 'Spaniards,' he says, 'Castiles,' he says, 'we have et th' las' bedtick,' he says, 'I'll have to have a steak off th' armor plate fried fr ye,' he says. 'Lave us go out where we can have a r-run fr our money,' he says. An' away they went. I'll say this much fr him, he's a brave man, a damn brave man. I don't like a Spaniard no more than ye do, Hinnessy. I never see wan. But if this here man was a—was a Boogharyan, I'd say he was a brave man. If I was aboard wan iv thim yachts that was converted I'd go to this here Cervera an' I'd say: 'Manuel,' I'd say, 'ye're all right, me boy. Ye ought to go to a doctor an' have ye're eyes reset, but ye're a good fellow. Go down stairs,' I'd say, 'into th' basement iv th' ship,' I'd say, 'an open th' cupboard nex' to th' head iv th' bed an' find the bottle marked 'Floridy Water' an' thrate ye're self kindly.' That's what I'd say to Cervera. He's all right."

"Well, whin our boys see th' Spanish fleet comin' out iv th' harbor they gathered on th' deck an' sang th' national anthem. They'll be a hot time in th' ol' town to-night." A lift-nant came to this here Cervera an' I'd say: 'Manuel,' I'd say, 'ye're all right, me boy. Ye ought to go to a doctor an' have ye're eyes reset, but ye're a good fellow. Go down stairs,' I'd say, 'into th' basement iv th' ship,' I'd say, 'an open th' cupboard nex' to th' head iv th' bed an' find the bottle marked 'Floridy Water' an' thrate ye're self kindly.' That's what I'd say to Cervera. He's all right."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Mr. Dooley looked important, but affected indifference. "Hm-m!" he said; "I have news fr'm th' front. Me nevew, Terry Donahue, has sint me a letter tellin' me all about it."

"How shud he know?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"How shud he know, is it?" Mr. Dooley demanded warmly. "How shudden he know? Isn't he a sojer iv th' ar-mny? Isn't it him that's down there in Sandago fightin' fr th' honor iv th' flag while th' likes iv you is up here livin' like a prince an' doin' nawthin' all th' live-long day but shovel slag at th' rollin' mills? Who are ye fr to criticize th' dayfinders iv our country who are lyin' in th' thrinches an' havin' th' clothes stole off their backs be th' patriotic Cubians, I'd like to know! Fr two pins, Hinnessy, you and I'd quarrel."

"I didn't mean nawthin'," Mr. Hennessy apologized. "I didn't know he was down there."

"Nayther did I," said Mr. Dooley. "But I informed meself. I'll have no wan in this place speak again th' ar-mny. Whin ye come to castin' aspersions on th' ar-mny, be havens, ye'll find that I can put me thumb on this showcase an' go over at wan lep."

"I didn't say annythin'," said Mr. Hennessy. "I didn't know about Terry."

"Iv course ye didn't," said Mr. Dooley. "An' that's what I'm sayin'. Ye're here wallowin' in luxury, wheelin' pig-ir'n fr'm morn till night an' ye have no thought iv what's goin' on beyant. You an' Jawn D. Rockefeller, an' Phil Ar-mour, an' Jay Pierpont Morgan, an' Yerkuss, an' th' r-rest iv ye is settin' back at home figurin' how ye can make somewan else pay ye'r taxes fr ye. What is to ye that me nevew Terry is sleepin' in ditch wather an' atin' hard tacks an' coffee an' bein' r-robbet be leebler Cubians, catchin' yellow fever without a chanst iv givin' it to e'er a Spaniard. Ye think more iv a stamp thin ye do iv ye'er country. Ye're like th' Sugar trawler. Fr two cints ye'd refuse to support th' gover'mint. I know ye, ye bloated monno-polist."

"I'm no such thing," said Mr. Hennessy hotly.

"Well, anyhow," said Mr. Dooley, "don't speak disrayspictful iv th' ar-mny. Lave me r-read yer Terry's letter fr'm th' front. 'M-m: In th' thrinches, two miles fr'm Sandago, with a land crab as big as a lobster crawlin' up my back be way iv Kingston, June 6, Dear Uncle Martin: That's th' way it begins. 'Dear Uncle Martin: We are all well here, except thim that is not, an' hope ye'er injyin' th' same gr-reat blessin'. It's hotter down here than Billy-be-damn'd. They're a rollin' mill near here just th' same as at home, but all th' hands is laid off on account iv bad times. They used ol'-fashioned wooden wheelbarrows an' fired with wood. I don't think they cud handle th' pig th' way we done, bein' small la-ads. Th' coke has to be hauled up in sacks be th' gang. Th' derrick hands got six a week, but hadn't anny union. Helpers got four twinty. Puddlers was well paid. I wint through th' plant before we came up here an' r-run a barrow up th' plank just to keep me hand in. Tell me friends that wan gang iv good la-ads fr'm th' r-road cud wurruk anny three iv th' gangs down here. Th' mills is owned be Rockefeller, so no more at prisint fr'm ye'er affeshunate nevew, Peter Casey, who's writin' this fr'm."

"Tis a good letter," said Mr. Hennessy. "I don't see how they cud get derrick hands fr six a week."

"Me frind Jawn D. knows how," said Mr. Dooley.

Dramatic Notes.

And now Robert Mantell has gone into vaudeville along with many another star of the legitimate. He appeared in Boston in A Lesson in Acting. Perhaps a few lessons will do him no harm.

Roland Reed has two new farces for next season—A Distinguished Guest, adapted from the German by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, and an unnamed comedy by Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

Lewis Morrison, who was missed by Torontonians last season, seems to be permanently located in stock company at San Francisco, where he is just now producing Richelieu and Camille—in the latter himself playing Armand.

The new Casino summer review, called Yankee Doodle Dandy, has proved a disappointment in some respects. Among the most notable performers in the cast are Thomas C. Seabrooke, Walter Jones, Madge Lessing, and Edna Wallace Hopper.

The new street which is to connect the London Strand with Holborn will sweep away the Globe, the Opera Comique, and the New Olympic theaters. The owners will doubtless demand a large compensation for the ground on which these play-houses stand.

Mrs. "John Oliver Hobbes" Craigie is writing two new comedies, one for Ellen Terry and one for Charles Wyndham. "I have a tragedy in my mind also," she says, "which I should like to do first, but I am a very slow worker, and I think I had better not say anything about that tragedy at present."

A comedy entitled The Cuckoo has been written by Henry Guy Carlton for Messrs. Smyth and Rice. Other attractions which they will control during the coming season will be a new play by H. A. du Souchet entitled The Mist Marriage, Willie Collier in The Man from Mexico, The Old Coat, and My Friend from India.

Robert Tabor will not return to America next season, but will continue to act in England. He has been engaged by Forbes Robertson for the part of Macduff in the latter's intended production of Macbeth at the Lyceum Theater. Mr. Tabor, for some time to come, is under contract to Sir Henry Irving, who has given his consent to the arrangement just indicated.

Viola Allen's stage version of Hall Caine's The Christian will be in five acts. The first scene will picture the ruins of Peel Castle, Isle of Man; the second, saloon of the Coliseum Music Hall, London; the third, club-room of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Soho; and the fourth, Gloria's apartments in Clement's Inn, London. The fifth scene is the same as act three. Ethel Marlowe, a protegee of Viola Allen, will play Polly Love in The Christian. She is a daughter of the once famous Owen Marlowe.

Wife (who has the foreign language "spasm")—John, do you know I'm getting on splendidly with my French! I am really beginning to think in the language. Husband (interested in his paper) Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from the society. Second Theosophist—What's the matter? First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try to square with me in some future existence.—*New York Herald.*

The Ontario Legislature from the Speaker's Gallery.

BY A CANDID VISITOR.

FEW political actions in recent years have caused such persistent and malignant abuse from political opponents as that of the "Hardy" Government in calling the present "session extraordinary" of the Legislature. Unusual indeed must be the reasons for a midsummer session, and unusual in many ways is this session likely to be. The members, almost fresh from the general elections, have yet their campaign speeches upon their lips and the stirring songs of victory have scarcely died away upon their ears. The Opposition are still smarting under defeat and the Government has scarcely yet realized what has happened. With a large proportion of the members of the present House, parliamentary life is a new experience and the result of the "breaking in" is a matter of much curiosity. The goddess of political warfare was unkind to many of the old members, for in a house of ninety-four seats fifty-four are occupied by new men.

In many instances it was the unexpected that happened. The Patron party, which in 1894 played such havoc with the older parties and for a session or two threatened to hold the balance of power, has been swallowed by the Opposition, and the strident voice of its auctioneer leader will no longer be heard in the legislative halls. Gone also are three Cabinet Ministers, one to retirement on account of ill-health, and two to the Speaker's gallery. The Opposition, however, suffered the most severe loss, if the enforced retirement of the loquacious St. John, the prosaic Willoughby, the inconsequent Meacham, the impossible Magwood, the impracticable Howland and the tireless Ryerson may be regarded as losses. With one or two exceptions the whole of Mr. Whitney's prospective Cabinet failed to be returned. In place of these, none of whom could be considered of first rank,

the satisfaction only of having secured competencies for most of his relatives for the rest of their natural lives; but at the expense of his own political career.

Everyone acknowledges that J. P. Whitney's chance of a lifetime is at hand. Is he big enough for it? That is the question. When he made his maiden speech in the House from the back benches some eight or nine years ago it was at once recognized that ability had somehow found an entrance into a party of mediocrity, and that Mr. Meredith at last had found one among his followers of real assistance. When the change in leadership took place, during the recess of 1894, it was thought needful for some reason to have a Toronto man in the position, and the consequential Marter was selected. His abject failure, however, was predicted, and before many months he was superseded by the only man in the party with any of the necessary qualifications. Unlike Mr. Meredith, Mr. Whitney has not the personal attractiveness that



Mr. Whitney



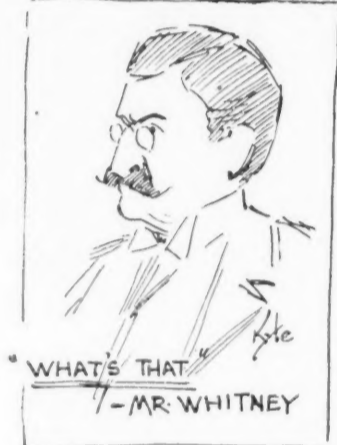
HON. G. W. ROSS.

appeals to the imagination. "I do like Mr. Meredith, he's so good-looking," was heard frequently in the old days from fair lips, and nearly half the battle has been won when the affections of the feminine non-voters have been secured. But as neither Mr. Ross nor Mr. Foster at Ottawa, both coming leaders in their spheres, look like statesmen, and Mr. Whitney is better-looking than either, he need not despair. His early training for parliamentary life was in good hands, for the late John Sandfield Macdonald was his legal and political godfather.

Mr. Whitney is by no means as finished an orator as Mr. Ross, nor as keen a debater as Mr. Hardy, but he is a more generous opponent than the former and usually has a better command over himself than the latter. But he is too serious. He is studious, energetic, careful; holds his supporters well in hand; is well liked, well informed, and fair-minded; but he is not brilliant. His speeches are argumentative, serious, professor-like—he is the practicing lawyer always. He is seldom entertaining, and people want entertainment.

"Tickle the public and make them grin. The more you tickle the more you win—Teach the public, you'll never grow rich. You'll live like a pauper and die in the ditch."

Mr. Whitney is painfully new to leadership, for he cannot bear to have his motives questioned, and he colors and



The Conservative Leader.

although circumstances gave them prominence, he has received large numerical additions, and the two parties are now nearly equal in size. The Government, however, has the advantage of knowing its debating strength, while the Opposition has that yet to learn.

The known debaters of ability in the House at present are not numerous. Modern conditions of parliamentary life seem to discourage the political orator. Debates have now become what their generic name implies, argumentative discussions and reasonings rather than appeals to the finer sensibilities. The oratorical grandeur of Burke, the impassioned stateliness of Fox, the silvery robustness of Bright and the lofty seriousness of Gladstone are to us mere traditions out of the pages of history, the echoes of which have come down to us, but the realities of which we can never hope to hear repeated.

Of those whose debating abilities are already known, the Attorney-General and the Minister of Education, whose surnames combined form the title of the administration, are unquestionably the best in the House. Indeed, since Fraser none have been able to rank with them. Hon. Mr. Hardy does not seem in as good condition as usual. His nervous irritability seems greater than ever. He looks pale and worried and somewhat unstrung. The strain of the past six months seems to be telling on him. Hon. Mr. Ross, on the other hand, seems stronger and more robust than he has for some years. He has fewer nerves than his desk-mate and leader, and has a better command over his patience and temper. He is a man of strong mentality and revels in political turmoil. He has not as perfect a parliamentary style as Mr. Hardy, but his tongue is vitriol-tipped and opposition and interruption only whet his invective and retort. Although during the last session Mr. Hardy on the whole showed to better advantage than any man in the House, he was in better physical condition than at present, and the brunt of the sessional debating at this time—and it will be a session of debates only—will likely fall on the Minister of Education.



Mr. Ross

The loss of two Cabinet Ministers through defeat is, as Disraeli once put it, "no slight inconvenience to the Government." Colonel Gibson, though not showy as a debater, was a decent fellow and deserved a better fate. His greatest usefulness was in the Private Bills Committee, where his keen insight and real talents were displayed to the best advantage. The fitness of Hon. John Dryden to be the "Farmer General" of the province was never questioned, but selfishness is not a virtue in political life, and he retires with



Hon. Mr. Ross

bell, however, managed to unite them very

successfully, although, to tell the truth, he confines his politics largely to the legislative arena and his religion to Knox College. His knowledge of the lumber interests, with which he was long identified, had established his claims to the portfolio of Crown Lands—and then he would be "Minister" indeed—providing the member for North Toronto, with his acquaintance with the colonization roads of Muskoka, could be side-tracked.

The Provincial Treasurer, from his official position, is looked upon as one of the strong men of the House. His polished manner and dignified appearance make him an ornament to the front row, and his well-modulated voice and limpid sentences always leave a pleasant impression on his audiences. But he is not a good debater. Unlike Mr. Hardy and Mr. Ross, Mr. Harcourt is not a ready speaker. He requires long and careful preparation, and during the week preceding his budget speech he is unstable as an inflated balloon and fretful and impatient to be delivered. He is nervous and somewhat diffident in manner and easily rattled, and if one might hazard an impression, political life is not altogether a bed of roses for him.

E. J. Davis, Provincial Secretary, and chief of St. John's piggery, is a good type of man for the Legislature—a clear-headed, active business man, who has made his way in private and business circles, in municipal life, and passed on into the higher realms of Parliament. He is a clear and forcible speaker on those matters with which he concerns himself, and is a power on the stump. His manner of speaking suggests the class meeting, where, doubtless, he obtained his training, for although the wisdom of his promotion to Cabinet honors has been justified, he was put there solely because of his prominence in the Methodist Church. In the same way Mr. Hart represents the Roman Catholic Church, excepting that in his case the wisdom of the choice remains to be made apparent.

Upon the Opposition side of the House the real debating power has yet to be discovered. The defeat of so many old and tried supporters has sadly weakened Mr. Whitney's chances of making serious inroads upon the Government, unless among the new men some unknown champion may be found. Much is expected from



MR. CONNIE'S BOW TO THE SPEAKER.

Carleton of Hamilton and Foy of Toronto, and the Government has had due warning to tremble whenever they speak. Until two years ago Mr. Carleton was a prominent Liberal, and any political standing he might have gained in the Liberal ranks.

Great things are expected from James Joseph Foy by those who do not know him; but as politics is as foreign to him as it was to Oliver Howland he is not likely to be a brilliant success, even though he does sit in the front row among the elect.

Upon the Government side good debating talent and well-seasoned Cabinet material is to be had in plentiful supply. Mr. Stratton of West Peterborough, who obtained the largest majority outside of Toronto, has made many important speeches on behalf of the Government, and has been chairman of committee of the whole House and of the printing committee for several years. In all probability he is in succession for the Speakership, although a Cabinet office would be more to his liking. The present Speaker also claims Cabinet recognition, forgetful of the fact that with



THE SERGEANT AT ARMS.

the single exception of his immediate predecessor, Mr. Balfour, the Speakership has been considered honor enough for one man.

Mr. Connée, who is a capital debater, is also an aspirant for the Public Works Department, the assumed lawful right of the Roman Catholic Cabinet Minister. But he is also distasteful to the powers that be. Mr. Garrow of West Huron is prominent in debate, although not exactly

brilliant, but as he holds his seat by grace of the returning officer he cannot be considered in the race for office. Mr. Pattullo of North Oxford has developed well since his first election two years ago, and takes an active part in debate, but he always talks too long and must learn that until he is actually entitled to wear "Honorable" before his name people are not content to listen to him for an hour or two at a stretch. Mr. W. A. Charlton, younger brother of the celebrated Commercial Unionist, has not taken a very active part in debate as yet, but he is a trusted supporter and an invaluable man in many ways to the Government. William Manley German looks like a colonel of cavalry. He has a splendid presence and is a capital platform speaker. He looks every inch a leader—and he may be one some day.

It may be that from the Government ranks, as from the Opposition, some debating talent, now unrecognized, may be developed that will rank with the best that is now known. Few speeches have as yet been made and little opportunity has presented itself for the younger men to try their prentice hands and show their capacity. The parliamentary arena is an awe-inspiring place. Brave men have been known to hesitate to speak before so critical and unsympathetic an audience. Men who in their own country were considered orators of no mean ability, have been overcome with nervousness at the thought of catching the Speaker's eye and talking to an expectant province, and sessions, and even parliaments, have come and gone while they sat mute and quiet, unknown and unheard.

MAX MACARTHY.

Toronto, August 6, 1898.

Girls Who Have Stayed With Me.

POSSESSED of a competence and living alone I have made a practice of inviting various types of young womanhood to visit me during the past twenty years, and in the study of their characteristics and idiosyncrasies have arrived at a certain comprehension of the nature of the animal, mental and spiritual mix-up which we call a girl. A bewildering complexity and a depressing sameness results. In some points every girl is like every other girl; in many ways each girl is as new and appallingly distinct a creature as was the lady whose appetite ran to apples.

The very first girl I ever asked to stay at my home was fresh from the bondage of boarding-school and wild with spirits and general curiosity about the great unknown and presumably desirable life outside bread and butter suppers and "preps." She talked incessantly, made acquaintances in a sort of sleight-of-hand manner which defied my utmost vigilance to discover. Within a month she had been "seen home" from impromptu shopping tours by a Colonel who lived apart from his wife, a bank clerk who was afterwards cashiered, and an assortment of other ineligible, finishing with the policeman of our district, to whom she represented herself as being a deaf and dumb girl on a visit to me, and totally unaware of localities. She showed me the pad upon which she had imparted these curious circumstances to the honest and much impressed Bobby, under whose anxious care she arrived in the midst of a lawn tennis tea which I had arranged in her honor. This freak was merely in retort to my prophecy that some day I expected to see her brought home in charge of the police, and I can recall at this late date the pretty picture she made as she threw kisses after the broad back of her retreating escort, amid the scandalized stares and delighted mirth of old and young. She was absolutely without fear and void of *les convenances*. She slipped from the boarding-school bonds into society life as the butterfly slips from its chrysalis shell; she alternately shocked and amused my large circle, and after three months of uneasiness on my part, and apparently innocent *faux pas* on hers, she captured the fancy of a young English lord, who was touring the colonies, married him, and now has a family of six, and turns the scales at one hundred and eighty pounds. And when I went to see her, she patronized me in a most natural and totally exasperating manner, so that in one week I found breath to bid her farewell, forever.

I have had an assortment of bored, anemic girls, who have grown ruddy and developed appetites under my roof, and one of the most impressive of these was a girl I met at the home of her parents, whom I visited for a day or two long ago. She trilled with breakfast, yawned through lunch, and declined dinner, until, moved by the usual impulse, I begged the loan of her. Sweetly and listlessly she accompanied me home, and took up her abode with me in patient uncompliment. As a first experiment I entrusted her with a certain commission which involved responsible action and some *finesse*. It was done as perfectly as I could have done it myself, but when I said so my guest suppressed a yawn with a smile. I was put on my mettle with her, having found that her *ennui* arose from lack of interesting aims, not lack of interest in general. Quietly dragged our even life for the first week, until the gardener's child was desperately scalded and an account of his plight was fetchingly given to us at breakfast. My girl paused in crumbling her roll to listen, while my Irish maid waxed eloquent and my blood ran cold. I hastily checked the history and promised to go and see the little sufferer. The girl opposite me said not a word, but when, later on, I commissioned a maid to take some fruit and a message to the cottage, my guest spoke hesitatingly, "Couldn't I go? I should like to." Of course I assented, curiously watching a faint light in her usually quiet eyes. There are yet tales told in the twilight by the gardener's wife of that visit, and it developed into a daily affair which became more and more lengthy until I was moved to ask the embryo nurse whether she were visiting me or my gardener's family. The girl's face flushed and

she went no more, until it dawned upon me that she seemed even more bored and indifferent than ever. Then we had a long talk, having grown somewhat intimate by this time. The girl confessed her longing to take up some life-work, and whispered a wish to join the nursing sisterhood. In those days the present craze had not materialized, but with much coaxing I talked her parents into a conditional consent. The conditions vanished when my blase young woman came home for her first vacation, brimming with life and interest, and so evidently happy that I did not resent it when she also patronizingly remarked on the fact that I alone had understood what she needed. That young woman is at this date nursing soldiers down in Cuba, and her appetite needs no consideration on the score of deficiency. Even hard tack wouldn't scare it.

Once I fell a victim to a beautiful face! It is very hard work to have a beauty as a guest. The beauty could not "keep hours" any more than the wild girl from school could keep bounds. She did not want her breakfast at nine, nor her luncheon at two. My maids emerged from her dressing-room with faces in which awe and amazement were plainly mingled. The upper floor took on an air of mystery, and strange perfumes mingled with the usually home-scent of lavender and honey soap. An array of bottles, flasks, boxes and jars took the place of my embroidered sachets on the toilet-table, and a faint odor of cigarettes hovered over all. The breath of Bohemia seemed to mingle with the atmosphere of a barber-shop and the influence of a Turkish harem. I grew to loathe the carefully closed door and drawn curtains which enshrined my beautiful guest until noon each morning. I more than suspected tobacco, I had shivers of mistrust of liquors. Then I began to notice that my drawing-room was not so carefully dusted as usual, nor were the flowers in the jardinières so fresh. Mary was reproved and looked penitent but said she had been massaging the beauty and brushing her hair. Of course she was fully sheltered by this excuse, but when it was made to do duty in a matter of late rising, and also trotted out as a reason why the shades were not drawn on a blazing hot afternoon, the situation grew complicated. I told Mary she must try to arrange her work so that the house



I had to walk out in my shoes and rescue them.

should not be neglected, and I would arrange the augmentation of salary to meet the extra effort. At this time I noticed that I was a very popular hostess, and with a coterie which had heretofore left me pretty much to myself. Men who had puffed under their eyes and a blase wrinkle on the forehead and who said "Aw" frequently, were constantly calling at the afternoon tea hour and arranging drives and outings at which my presence as chaperone was indispensable. As the beauty was also included in these enjoyments, I dutifully chaperoned many a fine dinner, drag party, and heavy supper, at which her radiant face was always the center of an eager crowd of men. Looking at these men sometimes made me feel as if I wanted a psychic bath. They had on me an indescribably sullying effect. Finally I had my doctor prescribe the seaside for an imaginary illness, the beauty went up the country on a coaching tour with another chaperone and the bulging-eyed men, and I discharged Mary and started the rest of the staff housecleaning in August, to their intense disgust and non-comprehension. I have never had a call from my temporary besiegers since, and when I meet them in the park they have but one formula: "Glad you're feeling more fit; nothing like sea air. When's your friend coming back?" She is never coming back, she says. She is about to marry a colonial bishop, the papers say.

Once I fell in love with a girl and, as usual, within a month she had taken possession of my guest chamber. Not that she paused there; she also owned the remainder of my dwelling, and had wormed from my cook a recipe for chutney which she had firmly declined to impart to me during a continued supplication of five years. With that recipe for chutney I could have held trumps in any game the General's wife could play. We both devoured it in ignorant unrest, as my cook made it in sphynx-like mysteriousness, and I was weakly in terror that Mrs. General might become sufficiently oblivious to the claims of friendship to offer that cook enough to steal her from me. I

got the shock of my life when my guest informed me that the cook had intrusted her with the precious recipe, and that she had promised only to tell it to one person, and that person was not I. I never asked who, but Mrs. General invited us to tiffin one day that week, and she had chutney, which, of course, I carefully omitted to taste. It was all I could do to get even with her. My guest soon began to make inroads on my affection which were as new as impossible. She was so sweetly interested in everything I liked, and particularly in a *protege* I was intensely proud of. The *protege* adored her, confided in her, and they were much together. It seemed quite too good to be true that perhaps the guest I loved and the *protege* in whom I was interested might be made for each other. I saw a future in which they two grew great and noted and happy, and I, like the heavy father, blessed my children. Even in reckless moments of castle-piling I went so far as to bless their children and hoped one of the girls might be named after me. Then my turtle doves had a ruction and the *protege* came no more. The girl-guest maintained an ominous silence for a day or two, while I openly and a bit maliciously lamented her defection. Then she gravely remarked that I was too kind, too trustful, too generous, and that a certain person did not appreciate these traits. Before I could stop her she burst into a torrent of indignant words, mainly directed against ungrateful persons in general, but finally impaling my erstwhile *protege* as the chief sinner in the aggregation. There still hangs over me the miserable cloud that fell that far-off day, though my guest is and was unconscious, like Fido, of the mischief she has done. Was it jealousy, or stupidity, or really outraged idea of right that moved her? The result is unfortunately the same. I love her still, but I do not risk another visit from her. She has outflanked my gastronomic and platonic strongholds, and there are still a few things left me which I don't care to lose.

I find several girl visitors who may go in one class. They were all affectionate, totally oblivious of time, given to curling their bangs until a very searching suggestion of singed hair wafted across the hall to my boudoir; never too tired to go for any sort of outing which included men, but apt to develop headaches and divers

kinds of illness when the party promised to be short of escorts. These girls have shocked me by boldness, and in the next half hour brought me to my knees before their honest sweetness and pure-mindedness. They have asked me questions that have made my hair stand up, and propounded beliefs that have made me want to ring up the fire alarm. They have arrived home serenely from a yachting tour at three o'clock in the morning, and wept at my stony and scandalized visage, until I have mingled my tears with theirs and gone to my bed feeling like an ogre and a Turk in one. They have lied to me and confessed, and sighed out love stories and indignantly repudiated them two days later, and worn my collars and lost my wraps, and broken my jewelry and dog-eared my dearest books, and criticized my rarest curios; they have dressed my hair in new fashions and burnt it by handfuls, and decorated my rooms with fancy work of every degree of uselessness and ugliness, and made me presents of every sort of rare and precious and vulgar and impossible articles on record. They have cured ill I never had, by Christian science, and broken several notes in the piano; they have set lampshades on fire, and thrown burnt matches into my old lace curtains. They have consumed the regular hours of sleep in telling me all about everything in the world and out of it, and have caused me to receive furious letters from parents and guardians touching detrimental to who have pursued them to their homes when their visiting days were brought to a close. They have gone wading at lakeside resorts and caught their feet between rocks, and I have had to walk out in my shoes and rescue them; they have corrupted my servants by sympathetic listening, and ruined my bicycle by reckless riding. They are nuisances and responsibilities and have destroyed my repose, shocked my sensibilities and ruined my judgment. I feel powerless and abject as I recall compromises, condonings and concealments which those girls have led me into. To-morrow, in spite of all, I am just as sure as fate to be adding one more to the list of girls who have stayed with me.

FINIS-NEE.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

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New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
 Trade, Aug. 27; Stead, Aug. 30; Lahn, Sept.
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 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
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 First saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$80 upward.

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Daily from Yonge Street Wharf (west side) at
 7:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. for St. Catharines, all
 points on Welland Canal, Niagara Falls,
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 Family book tickets at low rates.
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On and after MONDAY, JUNE 20th, leave
 7:30 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:15 p.m.,
 3:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 9:15 p.m.
 Passengers leaving Toronto at 4:15 p.m. by
 steamer Corona can make connection with
 steamer Chicora at Niagara-on-the-Lake and
 return to Toronto. JOHN F. JOY, Manager.

Anecdotal.

A Frenchman applied to a local official
 for a passport to visit Klatting-chen
 in Switzerland. The functionary, who
 was not a fellow of any geographical
 society, struggled in vain with the spell-
 ing of the place's name. Then, unwilling
 to confess his difficulty, he blandly asked:
 "Would you as lief visit some other town?"

A person of some prominence in the
 shadow walks of public life—one, in fact,
 of the country's most active "hand-
 shakers"—approaching Speaker Reed in
 Washington, greeted him effusively and
 familiarly. "Who is that man?" asked
 the gentleman with Reed. "That," was
 Reed's reply, "is a New Yorker who
 knows more distinguished people than
 don't know him than any man in
 America."

The Church Times of London tells a
 story of a baker who was anxious to do
 the proper thing for a clerical tea party
 for which he was catering. The rural
 dean's wife at Whitebury invited the
 clergy to tea, and ordered cakes from the
 local confectioner. These arrived in due
 time, beautifully iced, and each decorated
 with the monogram "I. H. S." in icing!
 The confectioner evidently thought he
 was doing the correct thing for a clerical
 party, but the cakes were carefully cut in
 pieces before being sent to the table.

Two rival French manufacturers of
 coffee had a difference on the score of
 labels and the dispute was duly taken to
 court. The judge examined the tins. Said
 he to the defendant: "I do not con-
 sider this an honest label. On the front
 you say in large type, 'Pure French
 Coffee,' and on the back in very small let-
 ters, 'A compound of chicory, etc.' This
 is not fair." The defendant offered to
 make any suggested alteration. "No,"
 said the judge, "I only express my
 opinion." "Then," said the defendant,

"The Bookshop"

Spend a pleasant hour with the
 books here. You are welcome to
 invest your leisure moments at
 any time on any day in looking
 about the store—seeing the books—
 examining them as you wish.

We think you will agree that
 "The Bookshop" has the largest
 number of books, and that the
 selections have been carefully pondered
 over.

Perhaps you may find some good
 book which you thought out of
 print.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
 No. 8 King Street West.

"will your lordship kindly explain to the
 jury by what means you distinguish be-
 tween the front and the back of a round
 tin?"

An impressive ceremony took place re-
 cently at the largest Lutheran church in
 this country, says the Youth's Companion,
 when, in the presence of over two thousand
 members, the pastor and trustees destroyed
 a cancelled mortgage of thirty thousand
 dollars upon the church property. The
 document was torn into as many pieces as
 there were officers, and at a given signal
 each held his piece in the flame of a candle
 till it was consumed, the pastor exclaim-
 ing, "So perish all mortgages on God's
 property!" When nothing but the ashes
 remained, the people rose and with glad
 hearts sang the Doxology. Doubtless few
 of those present remembered the historical
 precedent. In the year 1252 Henry III.,
 with the Gospel in one hand and a lighted
 taper in the other, swore to observe the
 Magna Charta. The archbishop and
 prelates and the king himself dashed their
 candles on the ground, while each dig-
 nity closed his nostrils and his eyes
 against the smoke and smell, with the
 words, "So go out, with smoke and stench,
 the accursed souls of those who break or
 pervert the Charter," to which all replied,
 "Amen and amen," but none more loudly
 than the king.

On-Growth and Out-Growth.

The Supreme Test of Friendship.

EVERYONE has an amused smile
 for the girl whose skirts and
 sleeves are inadequate to meet
 the requirements of her increas-
 ing length of arm and limb, or
 for the boy who must wear out his knee-
 breeches when his long legs plaintively
 appeal for long trousers to match. One
 smiles and says, in the exasperated, proud,
 explanatory way of the parent, "The
 children do grow so fast!" But no one
 quarrels with the children; the growth is
 a natural physical phase. How differently
 the older folks are apt to look upon growth
 of another sort, corresponding exactly in
 psychic realms to this ungainly out-strip-
 ping of the garments of childhood in the
 material sense. We do not think as our
 fathers and mothers did, therefore, say the
 elder folk, we must be wrong. On this
 rock splits the comfort of many a family,
 the confidence between mother and daugh-
 ter, father and son. In some cases the
 new growth shows itself as ungainly as
 the boy or girl with the inadequate sleeves.
 The young folks get hold of the notion
 that freedom is the first requisite
 for growth, and they confuse freedom
 with her illegitimate sister, license. Over
 the result arises the wail of the passing
 generation at the manners and the notions
 of the kings and queens of to-day, our
 beautiful young folks, so courageous, so
 independent, so healthy and vigorous in
 soul and body. A generation ago the same
 phase showed in another way, when a
 party grew to assert the individual rights
 of the gentler sex, and the world was
 divided brother against sister in this new
 outgrowing country. For decades the
 partisans went about in ungainly garb,
 but to-day we are learning that such
 clothes did not fit and why, and the sexes
 are graciously agreeing on just how far
 and how near they are to each other, and
 how interdependence, and not antago-
 nism, is the secret of growth.

It is a stagnant and unhealthy soul who
 cannot look back and recognize the gar-
 ments which once fitted it comfortably
 and now are cast aside, visibly outgrown
 and inadequate. There is a coat of policy
 and a hat of protection which we wear
 when we dodged some burning truth
 and searching question, and perhaps
 there is an umbrella of antique make,
 with which we tried to keep off some
 precious rains which were destined to
 give us fresh life and nourishment, the
 rain of thoughts born in us from salt tears
 and lightning strokes of deprivation,
 which no umbrella ever held could ward
 off. And it is funny to look at the elbows
 rubbed thr-a-there in some robe of reserve
 and conventionality, and the fur turned
 all the wrong way on some stately cloak
 of tradition and prejudice and pride, and
 to remember how these expensive gar-
 ments were thus damaged in our compul-
 sory contact with the busy, rushing, self-
 absorbed world! And here is a tight,
 smart garment with the seams burst, la-
 la! The new wine of thought in the old
 bottles over again. That gown is yet good
 and sound and may be mended up for
 someone it will fit, but not for her who
 grew out of it. The other day a stalwart
 brother of mine essayed to wear a much-
 loved hunting suit, in which years ago
 he had tramped many happy miles
 after the dappled quail and the
 plump partridge. We watched his
 face as he unfolded the stained cor-
 dery, fingered the big game pockets,
 and thought of days of sport when the
 world was younger. Then he flung the
 coat about him and stood pinioned by its
 seam while I, who had hoarded the
 grimy things for years for him, saw with
 disgust how far they came short of utility.
 The big brother laughed. It was not as I
 expected, a laugh of chagrin; it was a
 proud and self-satisfied chuckle. "Not
 quite a fit, sis," and he gave a blood-
 curdling wretch, till the buttons flew.
 What mattered the old cherished storm-
 stained coat? He had outgrown it, and
 he gently gloried in the fact. It has often
 come to me since that the growth is, after
 all, the only thing.

"Just wait until you want help. That
 tests your friends," said a woman bitterly
 as she told me of some Belshazzars among
 her acquaintances. This is such a stupid
 wail, for really one does not know who are
 friends until they have proved themselves
 such under test. One's friends do not fail.
 Other persons are merely professors, ac-
 quaintances, toadies, pretenders, not a
 supreme one. It may be general philanthropy,
 excessive bigness and goodness of heart,
 the generous impulse of the strong to care
 for and protect the weak, that moves

persons to be good and kind to you. Such
 persons love to do things for others; it is
 their sweet and helpful nature asserting
 itself, no more. You and I know, and
 love and bless all such. But the supreme
 test of friendship lies deeper. It some-
 times happens that there is incarnated a
 soul so crooked with a mind so perverse,
 that after its friends have helped and
 heartened and worked for it, this un-
 happy being will not only disown but
 decry them. If this did not happen to
 each of us we should not know what
 friendship will sometimes endure. But if,
 when you have done your stint of helping,
 loving and cheering, you are scorned, in-
 sulted or covertly injured, and you can yet
 be so true and so lofty that you bear no
 grudge, but still are ready and willing to
 aid and comfort, then I am inclined to
 think you can assure yourself that you
 may be called truly a friend.

LADY GAY.

A Knot of Blue.

W. R. A. Wilson in The Puritan.

In olden days, for lady's praise,
 A knight went forth to war

With arms complete, his charger fleet,
 And pennon fluttering fair.

While on the field of blazoned shield
 Hung, pure and fair to view,

A simple band from woman's hand—
 A tiny knot of blue;

A true knot, a blue knot,
 A lover's knot of blue.

Did foeman bold, or robber's gold,
 Or Paynim blade appear,

"For God, St. Clair and lady fair"—
 Went forth the ringing cheer.

"Mid weapons' flash and deafening clash,
 As man and beast he slew,

An open clear danced ever near—
 A tiny knot of blue;

A true knot, a blue knot,
 A lover's knot of blue.

LENNOL.

To-day your knight goes forth to fight,
 Oh, love, my love, so true;

God gives him grace his foes to face
 With your sweet knot of blue,

A true knot, a blue knot,
 A lover's knot of blue.

Bicycle Gymkhana

Bicycle-club runs have fallen into a
 measure of disrepute with the large cycling
 clubs of New York, the members of these
 organizations having turned their atten-
 tion to some form of diversion that may
 constitute a satisfactory substitute. Some
 favor has been accorded to the "random
 run," but it has not entirely filled the bill;
 and the form of amusement which seems
 most likely to obtain among cyclists is
 what is known as the "gymkhana," a set
 of games and odd feats performed upon
 the wheel. It has been suggested that
 each of the big cycling clubs hold a *fete* of
 this description, and the Century Wheel-
 men, the largest cycling club in New York,
 have taken the initiative in adopting this
 form of sport for America. It is said to
 possess one appealing feature—that of
 being adapted to both wheelmen and
 wheelwomen almost without distinction.
 In general the games require more skill
 and agility than main strength, and for
 that reason may not gain favor with a
 certain class. But among the swifter
 clubs these characteristics will only con-
 firm the popularity of the "gymkhana."
 Another attraction, and one that may
 carry the sport for a time against oppo-
 sition on any grounds, is its novelty. The
 club run was popular when it was newly
 introduced, but it has staled upon its
 former devotees, and something new
 rather than something better has been the
 cry.

A Cheap Dinner.

"Send us the best dinner for four that
 your place can do," was the telephone
 order received by one of London's best
 caterers.

"Who is this, please?"

"What, don't you recognize my voice?"

and then there came over the wire the
 name of one of the men about town with
 plenty of money and a discriminating
 appetite.

"Oh, yes, certainly. Any special orders
 for the dinner?"

"No; we leave all that to you. *Carte
 blanche*, you know. Best wines and all
 that. Spread your self, old man, for I have
 three friends from America, and we're
 celebrating the great naval victory. You
 know where my bachelor quarters are.
 Have it here by eight."

Near the time named two waiters
 approached the appointed place with a big
 hamper well filled.

"Hold on, boys," said a fine-looking
 man who approached them hurriedly, "he
 wants you to go back and get a full case
 of fizz. Having a great time up there.
 Just leave this with me, and I'll have it
 carried in. Don't lose any time."

The waiters made a good record, but when
 they returned the big hamper had disap-
 peared, the bachelor's rooms were locked,
 and when he was run down, it was found
 that he was without the slightest knowl-
 edge of what had occurred. The caterer
 is bearing the chaffing complacently, but
 he would willingly give the price of a big
 banquet to know who ate that swell
 dinner and never returned the table-
 ware.

All Run Down.

This is the condition of thousands.
 Squander have they been of sleep, rest
 and finally of health. The mad pursuit of
 place, power and pelf leaves them broken
 in spirit, weak in body, shattered in
 nerve. In the world, but no longer of it,
 their days are spent in desire, impotent
 and purposeless, for they have bankrupted
 their health. Thousands are on the road. They
 heed not the warning that nature gives.

Sleeplessness, inertia, despondency and
 fatigue add their mournful notes to the
 "still, sad music of humanity." Tired!
 Tired! Tired! You need aid! Your sys-
 tem requires a staff upon which to lean,
 and your brain rest for increasing vigils;
 Health and strength are the alternatives
 from decay and death.

Coca, combined with Maltine, affords
 that staff. It will give tone to the nervous
 system, strength to the shattered nerves,
 sleep to the weary eyes and rest to the
 tired brain. Maltine with Coca Wine will
 build up the body and give strength,
 vigor and health to the weak and debili-
 tated. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by
 all druggists.

The Nerve of Atwood.

A Poker Story from the New York Sun.

"THE coldest nerve I ever saw
 displayed by anyone," said
 the gray-haired young man,
 "was Jack Atwood's, when,
 after being shot at from
 behind, he paused to nail his poker hand
 to the table with a bowie knife before
 turning and drawing his own revolver to
 return the fire."

"Atwood was a queer fellow in a good
 many ways. Physically he wasn't much
 to look at, but he had dandified habits
 that seemed curiously out of place in a
 man whose business kept him constantly
 in association with the roughest men in
 the country at that time—I am speaking
 of the lumbermen in the upper Mississippi
 thirty years ago—and was, in fact, as wild
 as the wildest of them. He was small
 and a little stoop-shouldered, and his face
 was narrow and sallow, with a queerly
 crooked nose, and little sharp eyes that
 were set much too close together to be
 pleasing. He was as vain as a peacock,
 though, and dressed always in fashion-
 plate style, shaved every day and waxed
 his mustache, which was a habit nobody
 else indulged in west of Chicago in those
 days, so far as my observation went."

"He was a good deal of a politician, and
 was suspected of writing some of the most
 violent articles that appeared in the local
 papers at a time when Minnesota journal-
 ism was not conspicuous for its close re-
 gard for the amenities of life. There had
 been a deal of scandal about a member of
 the State Legislature from Minneapolis—
 call him Davis—for some time before the
 fight that I speak of, and Atwood had been
 among Davis's most violent critics."

"This particular night there was quite
 a crowd in Bill Galloway's gambling house
 on the east side of Minneapolis, near the
 old Fort Snelling road. Atwood was play-
 ing poker with four other men. Two were
 lumbermen, friends of Atwood's, and the
 fifth was a St. Paul man, a stranger to
 me. It was the first game I had ever seen
 played with \$10 gold pieces for chips. Of
 course, for the heavy betting they used
 paper money, for, as the ante was one
 chip and it took two to come in, there were
 not chips enough to bet with when the big
 hands came. Limit games were not much
 in vogue in Galloway's place at any time,
 but table stakes usually meant a few
 hundred dollars at the outside, and this
 was the largest I had ever seen up to that
 time, for each player had a good-sized
 wad, and there must have been \$12,000 or
 \$15,000 in sight at least."

"Nothing special occurred for over an
 hour, when there came a jack pot which
 was opened for \$100, and somewhat to my
 surprise all the players came in. It was a
 jack for five chips in the first place, and
 had been sweetened once, so there was
 \$800 in the center before the draw. The
 second surprise came when each man
 drew two cards, excepting Atwood, who
 stood pat. They were holding their cards
 close, so none of us around the party
 knew what any player held, but it ap-
 peared later that Atwood had four jacks.
 They weren't playing straight flushes, so
 his hand was almost a sure one."

"The opener put up another hundred
 on the strength of his three of a kind.
 The next one raised it a hundred. The
 third did the same thing, and so did the
 fourth. He was the St. Paul man, and he
 had caught a fourth seven spot, while the
 others had not bettered. Atwood made it
 a thousand to play. One, two and three
 dropped out. Three of a kind was no
 hand for that struggle, and that is what
 each of them had. The St. Paul man was
 delighted, though he tried hard to conceal
 it, and he came back at Atwood with an-
 other thousand. He was ahead of the
 game, having about \$6,000 in front of him
 at the beginning of the deal, while Atwood
 only had about half that. That left him
 enough to raise the St. Paul man once
 more, and he did it promptly."

"I suppose I'll have to call you," said
 the latter, "seeing it's table stakes, but I'm
 sorry you haven't more money with you."

"I have three thousand in the bank,"
 said Atwood. "If you care to take my
 cheque I'll stand another raise."

"Cheques were not in great favor at
 Galloway's, and the St. Paul man hesitated
 naturally enough, but one of Atwood's
 clients spoke up. 'I'll cash your cheque
 for you, Jack,' he said, and just then the
 shot came."

"The entrance to the room was mid-
 way between the faro and the poker
 tables, and Atwood sat with his back
 towards it. Davis had entered the room
 noiselessly and had fired as soon as
 he saw Atwood. Shooting from behind
 will ruin a man in any community, and I
 don't suppose Davis would have done it if
 he hadn't been half drunk and half mad
 with rage as well, nor would he have
 missed if he hadn't been drinking. I was
 watching Atwood closely and hadn't seen
 Davis enter. As it was I saw the left end
 of Atwood's mustache disappear at the
 instant the shot rang out, and a red
 streak show on his cheek, but he didn't
 turn his head. He reached down as quick
 as a ferret and drew a knife from some-
 where below the line of the top, laying
 his cards face down on the table with his
 left hand at the same instant."

"The game stands as it is," he said,
 without a quaver in his voice as he drove
 the knife through the cards and the baize
 cover, deep into the wood, with a vicious
 stab. Then just as quickly he reached for
 his hip pocket and stood facing around
 with a revolver leveled at Davis.

"Two other shots rang out as he rose.
 They were fired by Atwood's friends, but
 fortunately they hit nobody. Another
 man had seized Davis' gun as he was try-
 ing to shoot again, and there was a scuffle
 going on in a moment, with three or four
 men on a side, all of whom, however, were
 trying to force Davis out of the room.
 Atwood held his fire, seeing that there
 was a group of men in front of him, and
 stood still as he saw the struggle going on.
 When he saw that Davis was being pushed
 out at the door he smiled, but didn't say a
 word. Perhaps I ought to say he grinned.
 Smile is too pretty a word for his face.
 When his enemy was outside and the

door was closed, he put his pistol back in
 his pocket and felt his cheek carefully. It
 was bleeding very slightly, but he wiped
 it off with his handkerchief, and turning
 back to the table said as coolly as ever,
 'All right, Jim. Give me the money and
 I'll write you the cheque in a moment.'

"He was the least excited man in the
 room. The St. Paul player looked at him
 steadily as Atwood's friend was counting
 out the bills, and then exclaimed with an
 oath, 'I don't believe I care about raising
 you again. It's a call.'
 "The hands were shown, and, of course,
 Atwood took the pot."

A Drawing-Room Scene.

Boston Courier.

ARDELLA'S brown eyes looked pen-
 sive and her voice took on a plain-
 tive tone. "That wasn't nice of
 you, Jack, to make copy of me."
 "That is just how you look at it. Some
 girls I know would consider it the greatest
 of compliments."

Jack looked not only surprised, but not
 a little of grievance was in his voice as he
 answered the pretty girl who had promised
 to be his just a week before the present
 conversation. Ardella turned over the
 pages of her *fiancee's* latest magazine story,
 and sighed. The story was made more in-
 teresting for the average reader by the
 fact that it was illustrated by its author,
 in clever sketches, pen and ink and wash
 pictures, in all of which figured a most
 attractive young woman.

Ardella turned over page after page and
 in every drawing saw her own pretty, grace-
 ful self pictured. There she was in her
 seakins jacket and street suit ready for a
 walk with Jack; there, in the dainty frock
 she had worn at Mrs. Dane's tea, when
 she and Jack first became acquainted;
 there in her sweetest ball gown. The last
 reminded her of something.

"It is not the sketches so much, Jack,"
 she said, "but you made copy of me. How
 could you be so unkind? That scene, now,
 where she is in the conservatory and he
 comes in and finds her—and oh, Jack,
 how could you spoil the sacredness of it?"
 There was more than the suspicion of a
 sob in her voice. There was vehemence in
 his as he replied:

"I could not help it, Ardella. You
 stared at me, spoke to me, sang to me—I
 saw you in every page. You danced about
 my pen and even invaded the ink-bottle
 with your presence."

All extremely pretty and poetical, but
 seemingly not convincing eloquence, for
 the frown at all wrinkled Ardella's brow.

Yet Jack Burling had thought to bring a
 most delightful offering for the acceptance
 of his goddess. The magazine story,
 which was almost a novelette and was
 Jack's first extended effort in the field
 of literature, had a heroine—and such a
 heroine! The author had put into the
 character all the qualities his fancy had
 pictured as possessions of Miss Ardella
 Miles, and, whether depicted as wise,
 witty, merry or in a sentimental mood,
 the creation was invariably charming.
 The drawings were even more fasci-
 nating than the pen portraits. "Some
 girls would consider it a compliment,"
 Jack had said, only this girl did not.
 She had thought it considerable of a
 pleasure, if not in its way an honor, to be
 singled out from all the world and asked
 to be the wife of a newspaper man, one
 who had been a war correspondent and
 who wrote stories and drew or painted his

Studio and Gallery

THE effects of the Spanish-American war will long be felt in many directions, as all wars are felt in any country. What it may mean to individual homes of joy and glory we shall hear later on. What it may mean to other homes of which we shall hear little, those who have drunk to its dregs the cup of bitter bereavement know. To the nation victorious come throbs of new life, to find expression in multitudes of different ways, pulsating through all the arteries of social life. It is a charge of character to a nation; a new development which, while it does not by any means destroy its identity, yet brings into its composition a new element forbidding it ever being just the same as before. What names the different changes may assume to themselves, and how they shall finally transform or stimulate a people, is a very interesting study indeed. We make no doubt but that all the advantages at least, if not all the disadvantages, accruing to the Yankees will be pointed out in due time. And what to the defeated people? Effects, strong and permanent, different in many respects from those of the victorious, but none the less sensibly felt. To the Cubans themselves it means, finally, surely, the destruction of their national life. Whether this is or is not a final good for them is a very profitable and very interesting question. As a fact of history, and as a question of sentiment, it is a mournful thing to see any people slip out of existence as a people. With them go customs, modes of thought, institutions, generally primitive, it is true, but which appeal strongly to the lover of humanity and its student. We are the losers whether the Cubans are or not. One phase of human life, interesting and variegated, giving yet more light upon complex human nature is lost to mankind. Of the many branches of industry influenced by the war, of this we are certain, art will be very sensibly affected, and we believe for good. This means more good to a country than commercial powers will at all see or acknowledge. We have great faith indeed in a strong, vigorous art life in propelling a country's best interest. Not just now will there be benefit; on the contrary, exhibitions of art are quite too tame functions in the meantime. All such will feel

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the effects at present. Many pictures will not be purchased this year. It will be a year of collecting material, to the artist; not a very profitable year immediately. But there will be an impetus given to painting, to designing, to decorating. Already are sculptors preparing the marble wherewith to honor the heroes when it is finally revealed who the real heroes are—shall that be revealed, by the way?—and wherein their honor consists. There will be new subjects for the artist—subjects the people will ever rejoice in. Whenever in any nation containing any true art element great and important changes have transpired, not only have the pages of history contained the tale, but it has been most distinctly portrayed on canvas by the artist. We venture to predict that the 1000 Exposition will tell some tales of the late war. Portraiture will profit and many a new face and form will be added to the nation's album. The coming in to such a people as the Cubans of a nation who are really beginning to be reckoned with in the art centers of the world, means very much. In Italy, in Paris, in our British Royal Academy, Americans are coming to the front as artists. In portraiture and sculpture particularly is their influence felt. They are perhaps making more rapid progress to-day than any other nation, considering their youth, in decorative work. Their influence in this department can mean only good to Cuba. Spain itself is not likely to be stimulated much in this line. Art growth implies joy and enthusiasm, neither of which qualities may be supposed to be very conspicuous in Spanish life as the result of this encounter. Whatever baneful influences the war may exert on Americans and Cubans judging from any other standpoint, we believe from the standpoint of art it will be a conspicuous and lasting good.

Some of the remaining works of Sir E. Burne-Jones were disposed of recently in divisions of ninety lots. The total realized was \$23,800, or an average of \$265 apiece. Love and the Pilgrim, a picture which was said to have been purchased for the Duchess of Sutherland, sold for 5,500 guineas, and the Fall of Lucifer for 1,000 guineas. Valuable as are the paintings of this most refined artist, yet to the student the studies and preliminary drawings, executed for his pictures, and which contain the key to his methods, his reasons for his course pursued, his selection of material, etc., are of inestimable value. They are in themselves a history of the mental development and technical perfection of the great artist. A large number of these drawings have been reproduced by photography and no doubt will be circulated. They are each in themselves a picture and a true "Burne-Jones."

A great centennial celebration of the birth of Victor Hugo is to be arranged for 1902. Previous to that time four or five more of his posthumous works are to be published. Paul Menricio, the only surviving literary executor, to whom, with Auguste Vacquerio, was to be given one-half of the proceeds of the copyright on his posthumous works, has given up the right to these funds to the Comité Victor Hugo, which intends to erect a great monument to the poet in 1902.

The sculptor Barras has already been at work on the monument for quite a while, and it is expected it will be in every way worthy of the great writer. It is to be hoped Barras may be more successful in executing this statue than Rodin has been in his Balzac. It will be safer to keep more in the limits of conventional representation when a mixed multitude is to be pleased, that is, if pleasing a multitude is one of the requirements of art. It is certainly necessary to a cheque on the completion of the contract.

A most interesting book, full of instructive matter and of special interest to the artist, is Dr. Robertson's new work on the Venetian Church of St. Mark. This church is a treasure-house of precious marbles, the ruins of Roman cities and conquered towns being ransacked for its decoration. Every kind of marble known to the ancients may be found in this superb building—verde antique from Thessaly; red, green and serpentine from Phrygia; red and gray binnachella, or shell marbles; pavonine from Sinnada, in Phrygia; red syenite granite from Syena (the modern Assouan); alabaster from Thebes; Parian marbles and African breccias, with Sardonian agate and Oriental jaspers. Its interior is like that of a great golden casket; its exterior a bewildering wealth of statuary, lace-like carving, resplendent gilding and superb coloring. It is little wonder that the Most Serene Republic regarded her Church of St. Mark as her most sacred and prized possession. It was, as Dr. Robertson shows, the center of Venetian life.

Another work of interest, much simpler in character, one of a series, which is appearing, and which may be found, as far as it has gone, in the Parliamentary Library, is the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Lord Ronald Gower. These books are merely sketches, quite popularly written, giving many interesting facts which help to explain why each artist was what he was, which is, of course, what we most wish to know.

JEAN GRANT.

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The count became passionate in his pleading. "Be mine!" he cried; "I have titles and landed estates! I will give you a position in society in which royalty moves! Say that I may hope for you!" She sighed, blushed, and shook her head. "You got into the market too late, count," she said in her business-like way; "it has already been cornered." The next day her engagement to a young man on the board of trade was announced.—Chicago Post.

Peaceful Brown

FARMER BROWN was a firm believer in arbitration, a soft answer, and the other concomitants of peace. For a long time Brown was sorely tried by one Peters, who was wont to pasture his cows in Brown's fields. The idea of providing a pasture of his own seemed never to enter the head of the guileless Peters. His stock was of what may be described as the battering-ram breed, and the fence which they could not bunt down they either crawled through or jumped over.

For several years Brown made only the mildest of protests to Peters as he drove the marauding beasts back to their home. Other neighbors advised various things, ranging from a suit at law to a sound thrashing, to all of which Brown turned the ear of deafness. But his hour came at last. He was one day driving home the Peters herd of predatory bovines when he met a wayfaring man who asked for work. An idea struck Farmer Brown. "Yes," he replied, "I can give you a job. I'm just starting to drive these cattle to market at Downingville. You go on with 'em while I saddle up and follow on horseback. Got some little chores to do, and may not catch you for a while, but you get right along. Bound to overtake you some time. If I shouldn't, just round 'em up by the station and wait." The man trudged off, driving the cows before him, while Brown returned to his potatoes. It was sixteen miles to Downingville, and when, three days after, Peters gathered together his cows about the purlieus of Downingville, and drove them sadly home, he resolved then and there to establish a pasture.

The Honest Man Who Pays.

There is one among the many.
Can you tell me where he stays?
He's an odd, old-fashioned party,
Called the honest man, who pays:
Yes—the honest man who pays
Every dollar he may owe,
Keeping up the good old ways
That so many scarcely know.
If he gives his word of promise
'Tis a bond as good as gold;
If he holds a post of honor,
Not a trust is ever sold.
By the honest man who pays
Every debt he may incur,
Yielding each a just award,
And no grudging or demur.
And I'm told this rare old party
Lives—within his income, won
By the fairest, squarest dealing
We see beneath this sun.
And the honest man who pays
Always holds it good and right,
For the rich to help the needy
When the times are tough and tight.
—E.E.

Not the Hen.

There appears to be no end to the humors of examination. It appears that at an elementary examination in English two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

The hen has three legs.
Who done it?

When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examiners had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

The hen didn't done it; God done it.

Unprofitable Adam.

Youths' Companion.

There is occasion for much beating about the bush for answers to many questions put by wise theologues to timid people, but one set of men found their match in the old Scotchman under examination for admission to church-fellowship.

"What are the decrees of God?" she was solemnly asked.

"Indeed, I trow, He kens that best Himself."

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Ou, just like ither fouk," was the quick reply.

The questioner insisted on a more definite answer. "Weel," said she, "he was just like Jeems Madden, ye ken."

"How so?"

"Weel, naeboddy got anything by him, and mony lost."

How many young men, candidates for matrimony, could win a wife were they unexpectedly put under the test of the shrewd Scotch girl who surprised her mistress by announcing:

"Lady, I maun tell ye I am to leave your service and to be marriit."

"Is not this very sudden, Mary?" enquired the lady. "Who is the person you expect to marry?"

"It is John Scott, mistress."

"But you have known him but a short time; how can you trust a stranger?" persisted the woman, reluctant to part with a good servant.

"Yes, 'tis true; but he's ken himself many years and he says he's all right, and I believe he is, for I asked him, 'Did he ken the Ten Commandments?' and he gave them iverly one. I asked him could he say the Shorter Catechism, and he had it iverly word; then I told him to grip his hands quick and hard, and then, lady, I saw he was a strong man and I'm goin' to gie him my hand."

A Ruler's Desk.

The desk used at the White House by the President of the United States is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of a nation, for it is a token of the good-will existing between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of the United States' chosen governor, it is not of American manufacture.

It was fashioned in England, and was a present from the Queen to a former President. It was made from the timbers of H.M.S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to

pieces in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to Her Majesty by the President and people of the United States as a token of good will and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by Her Majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and lovingkindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

At this desk, itself a representative of the kindly feeling of both nations, the President does the greater part of his writing.

A Very Proper Wish.

Harper's Monthly.
I hope some day to have such fame
That, while some folks may jeer and scoff,
All others, when they speak my name,
Will surely leave the "mister" off.
For I've observed that people speak
Of Milton, Keats and Thackeray
Without a prefix poor and weak
To push them on their glorious way.
And I would like it to appear
As truly strange to nisther me
As to a sane and healthy ear
To speak of Mr. Homer 'd be.
CARLYLE SMITH.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night)—What does the clock say, John? Mr. Crimmonbeak (with difficulty)—Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough not to say anything.

"Arry (whose "old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time)—Wat d'yer mean, keepin' me standin' 'aboot 'ere like a bloomin' fool? 'Arriet—I can't 'elp the way yer stand, 'Arry."

"If I were only a man," she said, "we could—" "Possibly we could," he said, "but the chances are we wouldn't. If you were a man I wouldn't be here. I'd be saying nice things to somebody who wasn't a man." Sometimes it is worth while to think of such facts as these.—Chicago Post.

"Now, about the way they are running this war," began the man who usually has a great deal of time on his hands. "I've got no time to talk of it," answered Farmer Cornstossel, who was figuring on a piece of brown paper with the stump of a lead pencil. "But the board of strategy—" "I can't help it. It wasn't none of my doin's in the first place. I've got to figger out how to make four dollars and seventy-five cents profit out of the city people that's comin' here to pay seven dollars a week, an' calculate just how much canned vegetables, dried beef, and condensed milk we can get 'em to take without kickin'." I've no time to think about any board of strategy. My time's completely tuck up with the strategy of board.—Washington Star.

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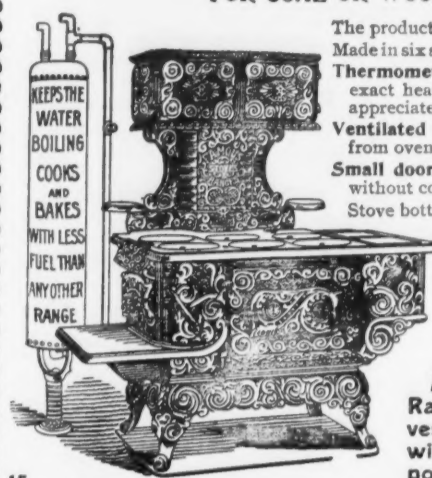
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"My lord," said the prisoner to the judge, "I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is ill and unable to attend." The judge took two or three minutes to consider. "The case may be postponed," he said at last, "if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?" "That's just what I want to know, my lord," said the prisoner.



MUSIC.

teachers and trainers by American pupils. The compiler of the significant statistics which give details of the manner in which the enormous sum stated above is made up, declares that both of the indicated sources of revenue are tremendously productive for Europe, whereas they synchronously devitalize American musical life. The compiler's details of the annual average, which, whilst possibly not much beyond the mark, must of necessity be more or less a matter of guess work, will doubtless be of interest:

To visiting players and singers not in opera companies	\$500,000
To light opera and operetta stars and combinations	500,000
To grand opera artists, choruses, companies and hangers-on	1,500,000
To teachers and institutions in Europe by American pupils	\$2,500,000
To cost of living in Europe paid by pupils, parents and guardians	2,000,000
To traveling expenses through annual visits of parents and families, or temporary return visits of pupils	1,000,000
To cost of debts in Europe, nine-tenths of which constitute practical failures	500,000
	\$7,000,000

through the practice that prevails of demanding musical services without compensating for them. The best plan would be to publish permanently in these columns a list of all musicians who are in the habit of giving their services free of charge. The publicity thus given to them would increase their engagements so that they could sing and play at all times without running the risk of having their feelings wounded with an offer of money.

Mr. William C. Carl, the eminent New York organist, in an article on American Organs contributed to the recent splendid national edition of the *Musical Courier*, states some interesting details concerning the methods employed by his master, M. Guilmant, in preparing for a recital. He says:

During the recent American tour of Alexandre Guilmant, which was attended with such phenomenal results, he frequently rehearsed for hours, and on several occasions nearly the entire day. No one has had a more extended experience in inaugurating new organs and playing the instruments of different builders than this great artist, and what if this was necessary for him, what would it be for the average organist?

In referring to M. Guilmant, his method of rehearsal in learning a new organ is a model that should be studied and followed by all students of the "king of instruments." On reaching an organ new to him the first observation is the "organ seat," which is invariably too high. This must be lowered before any work is begun, and the sexton has to find a saw to accomplish the task. The exact height of the seat as used by M. Guilmant is 19 1/2 inches measuring from middle C to the top of the seat, and although M. Guilmant is not tall, still the height preferred by him has been invariably satisfactory and an improvement to the organists who have tried them, as it enables one to use the heel with greater ease and facility. This done, M. Guilmant draws each stop and improvises upon each individual one to ascertain the exact quality and timbre, after which he begins to play, and goes through it from beginning to end. Not a phrase or note is neglected, and everything receives the most careful and minute attention. Even in the pieces which he himself has composed, and played for many years it is astounding to see with what care he will rehearse them.

He recently said to me on returning from a concert in Boston that to him the playing of an organ piece was like placing a set of dominoes in a box—each domino must be put in its proper place and fitted in, otherwise at the end there would not be room for all and consequently the box would not be complete. So must the value of each note be adhered to and every detail in the interpretation rehearsed. Certainly this is a most important point to consider, for the results as attained by Mr. Guilmant can be accomplished only by taking ample time for rehearsal and in a thorough preparation of the programme to be performed.

The interest taken in organ recitals in this country and the increasing demand for them, as well as an appreciation for pure organ music during recent years, is most commendable and he speaks the place America will hold with the other nations in a short space of time.

A recent writer figures out that the amount of money contributed by Americans to European musical institutions annually aggregates the enormous average of \$7,000,000. One source of the revenue derived by Europe from American love for music consists of the money paid by the people of this continent to visiting and nomadic musical artists, companies and groups; the other consists of the money paid to foreign schools,

tails of the annual average, which, whilst possibly not much beyond the mark, must of necessity be more or less a matter of guess work, will doubtless be of interest:

Mr. R. Jefferson Hall, formerly of this city, whose success in Little Rock, Ark., since he took up his residence in that city about seven years ago has several times been commented on in these columns, has been offered and has accepted the position of organist and choir-master of Calvary Episcopal church, Memphis, Tenn., one of the largest and wealthiest churches in the Southern States. Flattering inducements were held out to Mr. Hall to remain in Little Rock, but the larger field offered by his Memphis engagement finally induced him to make the move. Prior to their departure from Little Rock, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were made the recipients of a handsome presentation and address by their many friends in that city. Mrs. Hall will be remembered by many as at one time soprano soloist in the Jarvis street Baptist church choir of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are at present visiting friends and relatives in Toronto.

A French scientist has a theory that music has an effect upon the growth of the hair; that various musical instruments have a tendency to increase the growth of hair on the heads of players, while other instruments tend to make the musicians bald, which is held to account for the fact, if it be a fact, that pianists and violinists usually have hair in plenty, while those who play on brass horns are usually deficient in hair. The *Musical Courier*, commenting on the matter, observes that "music has long been known to have therapeutic qualities, and is useful in many nervous diseases, and now it seems that it may be useful as a hair tonic."

In view of the proposed business venture of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, in instituting examinations in music on this side of the Atlantic, an item may, perhaps, at some future date be added to the above stating particulars of the amounts taken out of this country by our Old Country examiners, notwithstanding that "philanthropy," "Imperial Federation" and concern for our "artistic advancement" are declared to be the motives which prompt the invasion of this land by the Associated Board.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist of St. Simon's church, left the city on Thursday last week on a holiday camping and sketching tour along the Severn River, in company with several leading artists of the city. Mr. Harrison wields the brush in a manner which would do many a professional artist credit. Some of his water-color sketches are excellent, and very few local amateurs are able to produce work which will equal Mr. Harrison's vacation efforts along this line.

A cablegram was received in Montreal last week saying that Mr. Grinstead of London, England, had sailed for Canada on the Parisian to make preparations for the local examinations in connection with the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, which are to be held in the principal centers of Canada in November next.

MODERATO.
A Curious Organ.
Toledo Blade.

AN organ which the leading organist of New York could not play is now being used by professors of Cornell College. This organ is not, as might be supposed, out of tune. It is because it is in perfect tune that it differs so radically from an ordinary organ. The ordinary organ, such as is used in churches and drawing-rooms, is not in tune, even after the maker has just declared it to be in order.

The Cornell organ was invented by Von Helmholtz, and it contains a purely mathematical scale. It is made for the composition of chords such as are not to be obtained on an ordinary instrument, and is used to study the vibration of notes, and of what tones an organ note is made. Every tone in music is to be found on this organ. For instance, what are known as sharps and flats on a piano are not really sharps and flats. C sharp and D flat are struck on the same black key; but, strictly speaking, that black key is neither; it is a note or tone situated midway between C sharp and D flat. If both of the latter were on the piano, however, the difference between them is so slight that it would confuse the player. So a compromise is made, and the two are blended, or, rather, the tone midway between them is used. But in Cornell the organ contains keys for every note in the scale, no matter how fine the gradation. With it students can see just how a note on the organ is built up. Certain notes on the organ are made up of certain other tones. On the ordinary piano you would not be able to illustrate what these notes are. You would need the true sharps and flats in order to compose the notes. The overtones on the domestic instrument would be quite different. The pure fifth, which can here be accurately denoted, is very much curtailed on the piano. Used in connection with this organ is a complete set of resonators, or tuning forks. In order to find out how many resonators are contained in a given note, it is only necessary to strike that note. Those forks which resound in sympathy with it are sure to be included in the makeup of the note. The silent ones are not included in it.

They were evidently from St. Louis and had come to Chicago on their wedding tour. While taking in the sights they wandered into the Art Museum, and, pausing before a reproduction of the Venus of Milo, the bride remarked: "They must think the people who come here are awfully ignorant." "Why so, dearie?" asked the other half. "Why so?" she exclaimed, with an air of superior intelligence; "get on to that sign, 'Hands off!' hanging on that thing; just as if any fool didn't know they were."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Misses—Bridget, these are ewers. I hope you'll not call them jugs any more. Bridget—Thank ye, mum. Sure, an' is these others mine, too?—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Booster Ben—Goin' ter sign de pledge? Is drink injurious to ye? Despondent Dan—Naw; it's de constant worry uv mind fignerin' how ter git de drink dat's breakin' down me system.—*Judge.*

Indignant Woman—This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day. Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?—*Household Words.*

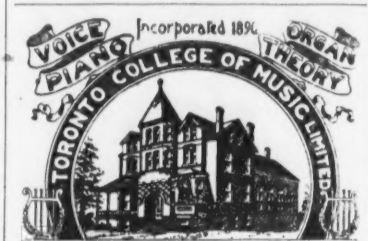
Ethel—He doesn't seem to take our engagement a bit seriously. Grace—Jack always was reckless. But never mind, dear; he probably will later on.—*Truth.*

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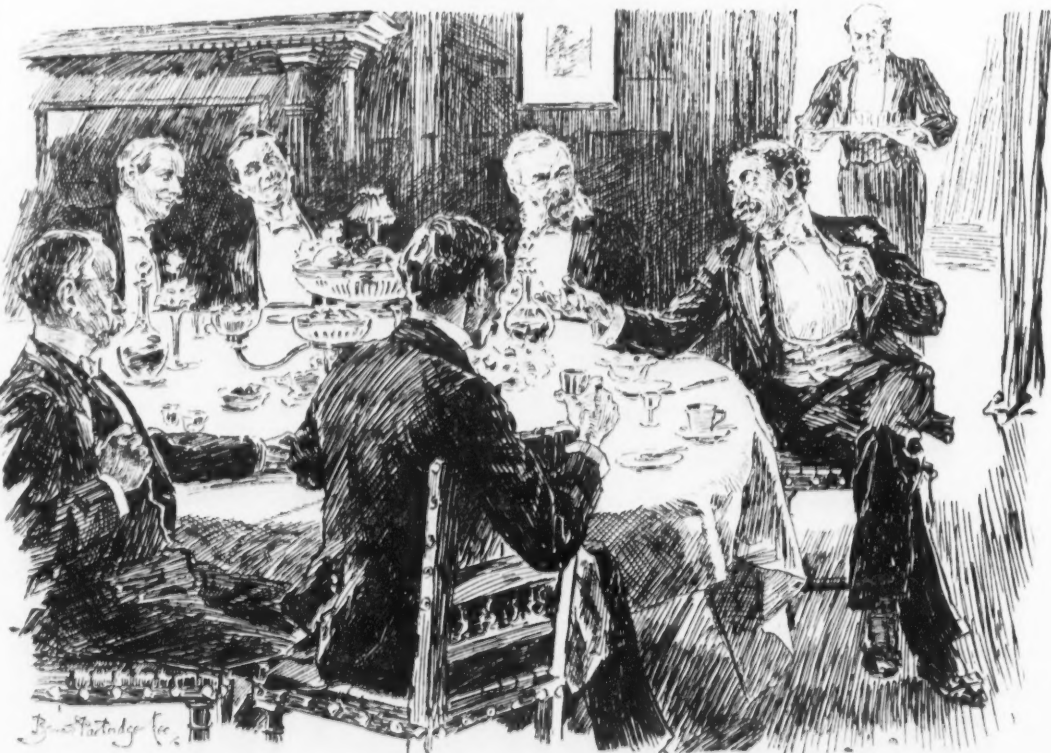
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Mr. Montgomerie—Ah! my dear boys, you're right. The extent to which our English system of "tipping" has grown is something monstrous! Why, I can assure you—that at some of the big country houses I stop at it costs me a ten pound note to get out of 'em!
Jones (to his neighbor, sotto voce)—Wonder how much it costs him to get into 'em!

The great Berlioz evidently had little love for the piano as a medium of expressing in music the highest thoughts of a composer. Whilst much that has been written by him regarding the lifeless character of the most popular of all musical instruments is doubtless correct, the following extracts from his writings will show to what degree he allowed his prejudices to influence him. On the question of orchestral music reduced for the piano he writes:

It is useless to attempt to prove that it is possible to appreciate at its proper value an orchestra composition thus mutilated. Nothing is farther from the truth. It is true the piano may be made to give an idea of a composition that is known upon the orchestra first. In that case the memory is awake, it supplies what is lacking and one is stirred by the souvenir.

But for a new work of the modern school it is impossible, absolutely impossible to glean any idea from a piano transcription.

A piece of the school of Sacchini, for instance, or of any school of this class, in which there is no instrumentation, there it might be possible. But in any work in which the writer has in the least profited by the resources of present music art it is not to be done.

Try, for example, the march in the Coronation Mass by Cherubini. What would become of a piano of those exquisite and delicious holdings of the wood instruments, which plunge you into such a condition of mystic ecstasy; of these ravishing twinnings and weavings of flutes and clarinets which produce all the effect? They must disappear entirely, as the piano can neither hold nor swell a tone.

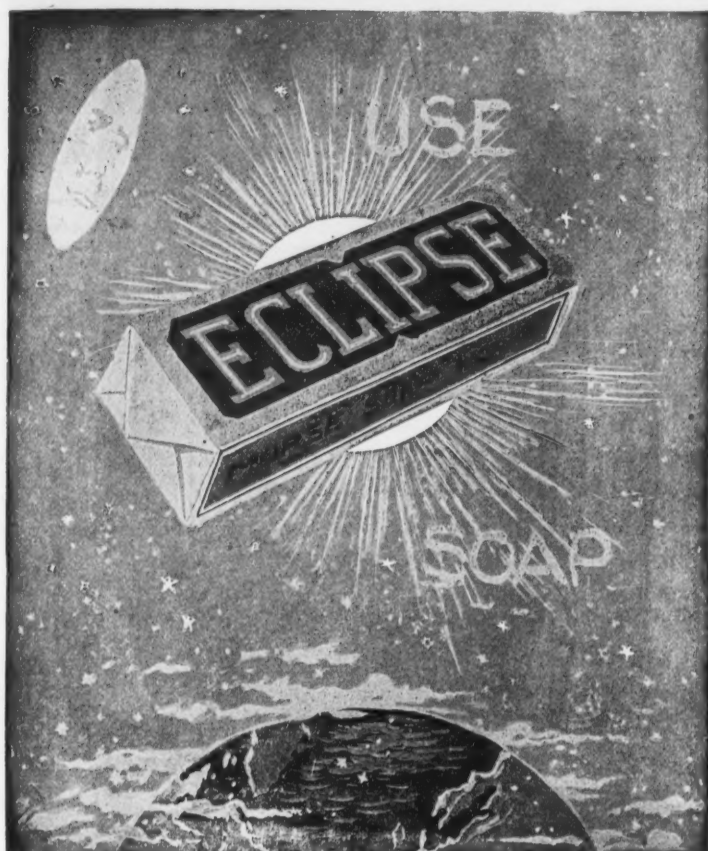
Take the air of Agamemnon in Iphigenie en Aulide. In the verse: "I hear throbbing through my breast the plaintive cry of nature," there is a haunting solo, penetrating and admirable. But on the piano each of the notes is but a stroke of a clock, nothing more. The idea, the thought, the inspiration are wholly deformed.

I do not speak of grand orchestral effects, the piquant oppositions established between groups of wind and string instruments, the blocks of color which separate wood from brass, the mysterious effects of the instruments of percussion in soft passages, their enormous power in full force, the striking effects which result from the varied distancing of harmonious masses, nor of a hundred and one things equally remarkable.

I say simply that injustice and absurdity are here shown up in all their hateful homeliness. Is it not evident that the piano, which is capable of reducing every effect and destroying every beauty, must be baneful to composers and in the highest sense unjust? A skilful, sound, deep and ingenious instrumentalist by it, on a piano with the most ignorant member of his class, who does not know the first principles of his art, not to speak of genius. One may have groped a mass of absurdities and musical crimes, while the other has composed a superb orchestral yet by an execution of the two works on a piano a connoisseur even can see no difference between them.

The piano for composers is a guillotine, destined to behead all the nobles and which only the plebeians need not fear.

The *Musical Courier*, in an editorial article dealing with the musician who is ever ready to give his services gratis, arrives at conclusions which make wholesome reading for many professional musicians of this city, where a goodly portion of the public seems to feel that a favor is conferred upon artists who may be invited to take part, without remuneration, in ten-cent concerts and tea-fights. To decline the invitation of such people on the plea of professional privileges is oftentimes most bitterly resented, although it is extremely doubtful whether a tea-meeting committee, having a lawsuit in hand, would have the assurance to tackle a leading lawyer and "invite" him to conduct their case gratis. The *Musical Courier* says of this aspect of the case: "The American musician must cease playing and singing free of charge; he must elevate his profession to the standard and level of other professions by demanding the requisite compensation, and he must refuse his services unless he receives his fees. That must be his conduct in the future if respect is to be gained, if a career is to be made, if the profession of the musician is to be created into a legitimate social function. Many musicians are now making excellent livelihoods and gathering capital for their old days by insisting upon the enforcement of these rules; but where there now are thousands of such people there would be tens of thousands if a large number of others would desert from the unhealthy and demoralizing habit of singing and playing without compensation. Steps should be taken among the members of the musical fraternity to put an end to the practice that makes among many the professional pursuit of music here a system of refined beggary and personal humiliation, with all the evils that follow such practices. Any organized effort looking toward the abatement of these methods would be hailed with delight by a mass of musicians who are unwillingly drawn into this maelstrom of indigence."



Social and Personal.

Many persons have run across to Hanlan's Point this week to see the good show put up by the artists engaged under the auspices of the Toronto Ferry Company. Rumanian music replaces the Hungarian Band, and the excellent cuisine of the summer hotel is gaining quite a renown.

Herr Rudolf Rath left on Thursday afternoon for a two years' sojourn in Berlin, which time he will devote to study, and afterwards return to Toronto.

Mr. Alfred O. Beardmore left on Wednesday for a transatlantic sojourn, which it is hoped will benefit his health.

A very pleasant and smart contingent of society folks are summering at De Grassi Point as usual. This week Miss Bessie Macdonald joined them, the guest of Major Macdonald.

Hotel Hanlan is crowded, mainly by those United Statesers who swear by the Toronto Island as a summer resort.

Miss Lillie Lee and Miss Amy Lee of Beverley street have returned home after four weeks visiting friends at Napanee, Bath, Kingston, the Thousand Islands, Picton, and the Sand Banks.

Mrs. E. Oliver, Miss Rose Oliver and Messrs. A. E. and E. W. Oliver leave on Saturday for a few weeks' stay at Morinus House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. Angus Kirkland, manager of the Bank of Montreal, is back once more at his duties in the office after the enjoyment of a month's holiday.

Dr. Temple, sr., of Simcoe street, left last Saturday to spend the holiday with his family at Lake Simcoe. I hear his daughter's accident while bathing gave considerable anxiety, which is now removed by her recovery.

Mr. E. Hay, inspector of the Imperial Bank, spent Civic Holiday at Port Colborne, where his family are summering.

Dr. Webster of 32 Bloor street west sailed on Thursday for Europe and intends to return about October 1.

Mr. George J. Little, formerly the well known chemist of Parkdale, is visiting friends in the city after an absence of two years on the Pacific Slope. His friends are pleased to see him in excellent health.

On Wednesday, Aug. 3, at the residence of Mr. Isaac Anderson, 1151 King street west, Parkdale, Miss Nettie, third daughter of Mr. Anderson, was married to Mr. Henry Stevenson of South Lyon, Mich. The wedding was a quiet one on account of the recent death of the bride's brother. She wore a traveling costume of blue Bedford cord. Miss Ida and Miss Jennie Anderson, sisters of the bride, and Miss Nellie Richies did the honors as bridesmaids, while Mr. Charles A. Fisher of Plymouth, Mich., and Messrs. John and Norman Anderson acted as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed at 2:30 by Rev. H. Daniels of Niagara Falls. After refreshments and congratulations the happy couple left on the Niagara boat for a trip through the United States cities west, and thence to South Lyon, Mich.

Miss Margaret Lemmon left for Chicago on Tuesday to spend her vacation with her cousin, Miss Ethel Scharf.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank, leaves shortly on an extended trip in the West.

The new pavement in front of the Athletic Club is a decided improvement on the old boards and cinders which so long gave footing.

Miss Bertha Hillock of Wilton Crescent is spending a three-weeks vacation at Cleveland, Muskoka.

Mrs. Ryan and Miss M. S. Ryan of Guelph are home after a delightful trip east and a pleasant visit with friends in Toronto.

At Morinus House, Muskoka, are registered: Mr. and Mrs. Hart Smith, the Misses Rutherford, Murray, McDonald, Pigeon, Watson, Walker, Austin, Mer-

chant and Morgan; Messrs. H. and Hartley Snider, Charles Larcom, Charles Withers, A. B. Manning, J. and D. Murray, P. Watson of Toronto; Mrs. McLean, Mr. Jack Jarvis and Miss E. Jarvis of Galt; Mrs. Holmes and party of Chatham; Mrs. Hager and Miss Gibson of Grimsby; the Misses Simpson and Miss Lester of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Denny and Mr. and Mrs. Van Vleet of Buffalo.

Miss Mabel V. Crabtree of Macdonell avenue has returned to the city after spending an enjoyable month's vacation with friends at Halberton, Rochester, N.Y.

Mrs. W. E. Wellington and her little daughter, Beatrice, are visiting the International Exhibition at Omaha.

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By Rev. J. H. DeWitt Miller, Aug. 14, 15, 16.
Rev. C. O. Johnston, Aug. 14.
Rev. J. E. Langleys, Aug. 18.
Rev. Geo. F. Salmon, Aug. 21.
Rev. W. E. Wilson, Aug. 21.
Rev. Dr. Burns, Aug. 28.
Rev. G. K. Adams, Aug. 28.
Rev. C. H. Fowler, Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

LECTURARIAN RECITALS
Miss Rachel Baumann, Aug. 12.
Gwen A. Smith and Miss Marietta La Dell, Aug. 22, 23.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Losey, Aug. 24, 25, 26.

BAND CONCERTS
13th Battalion, Hamilton, Aug. 27.
18th Highlanders, Toronto, afternoon and evening, Aug. 13.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS
Grimsby Park Choral Society, under direction of Mr. J. H. DeWitt Miller, assisted by Miss Maude Stevenson, Aug. 29.
Stereopticon Exhibitions and Illustrated Lectures, Mr. F. B. Whittemore and Rev. Dr. Withrow, Aug. 17, 18.
"Marvel of Marvels," Edison's Projectoscope, Aug. 19, 20.

TOURNAMENTS
Lawn Tennis, Aug. 17.
More cottages occupied, more guests at the hotel, more visitors, than ever before. Come and enjoy a day, or a week or two, at this Christian Summer Resort.

QUEEN'S HOTEL AND COTTAGES
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
The Newport of Canada
Open from June to September
Special rates for family parties.
Golf, Tennis, Cycling, Boating, Bathing, Fishing.

Dances every Saturday Evening. McGaw & Wynette, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara. 61

HANLAN'S POINT

WEEK OF AUGUST 15
Baseball BUFFALO vs. TORONTO
MONTREAL vs. TORONTO

FREE OPEN AIR PERFORMANCES
Roof Garden Afternoon and Evening

Hotel Chautauqua

and Lakeside
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE
The hotel is now open for the reception of guests.
Bus to and from all trains and boats.
J. TASKER,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Robinson House

BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE
Nine Miles from Barrie.
Splendid fishing and bathing, and lovely cool walks through the pine groves. House now open. Steamer Conqueror connects with train at Barrie. Good table, furnished with abundance of milk and cream. Rates: \$5 per week; nurses, \$4.50; children, \$3. For particulars, write J. Adamson, Big Bay Point, or call on W. Paul, Board of Trade.

Peninsular Park Hotel

BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE
The hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert Williams, the celebrated caterer of the "Hub," Toronto, is now open for the reception of guests.
Our own boats meet all trains at Barrie. Rates: \$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Special rates to families.
M. McCONNELL,
40 Colborne Street, Toronto.
ALBERT WILLIAMS, Manager.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND

Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
Phone 1641

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

PRICES:
Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.
Good set, \$4.
22k Gold Crowns \$5.
Gold Fillings \$1 up.
Silver Fillings 75c.
Teeth without Plate, \$5.
ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.
Phone 701. 25 Queen East.

It is Your Parental Duty

to have your children's eyes attended to when they show the least sign of weakness. Our optician is particularly skilled in testing children's eyes most accurately. No charge for examination.

SCHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
90 YONGE ST.

Tom from Green's

Trycophena treatment for the head and hair as given exclusively here will stop hair falling out in FOUR DAYS.
We examine heads and hair free of charge. We make Wigs, Ladies' Fronts, Switches, and all kinds of hair work to order.
TOM FROM GREEN'S
349 Yonge Street - opposite Elm Street

PHRENOLOGY

Professor O'Brien
Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and only scientific palmist; patronized by the elite. Photo read free to patrons. Open till 10 p.m.
401 Jarvis

Save Your Carpets

Send a post card to the Toronto Rug Works and they will give you all information free of charge.

Toronto Rug Works, 100 Queen St. E.

Any Engravings Published

In Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited)
Toronto.

BICYCLE

Lady's or Gentleman's
'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap
ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).
Limited.

SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Ingersoll, Ont.," will be received until Tuesday, August 23rd, 1898, for the construction of a Building at Ingersoll, Ont. Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the office of J. B. Jackson, Ingersoll, Ont. Persons are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 5th, 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Colman's Salt

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

Intending Purchasers

should make a point of seeing the

New Scale Upright Grand

Piano, manufactured by the old reliable firm of **HEINTZMAN & CO.**, before purchasing elsewhere. It's an

ART IDEAL

of an instrument, containing a resonant and singing quality of tone with perfectly even scale.

TORONTO WAREHOUSES: 117 King St. West

Hercules Wire Beds

mean perfection in bed-comfort. The interlacing wires make beds more resilient and twenty times stronger than any other make. Prices moderate. For sale by most furniture dealers. Buy **Hercules Camp Beds**.

The Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co.

Social and Personal.

On Tuesday evening the music of five bands was a novelty many citizens enjoyed. A combined band parade is a loud affair, and the march through several well known streets brought out a large crowd.

High up in the Parliament buildings there is a big red eye looking out these nights—a sure sign the Legislative Assembly of Ontario is sitting. All the galleries have been well filled every evening with spectators listening to the speakers, whose principal theme seems to be "constables" this session.

Mr. William Bowman and Mr. T. W. Corlan are at present on a two weeks' wheeling tour through Western Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lundy of Toronto are visiting Mrs. Lundy's sister, Mrs. E. B. Abercrombie of New York, at Grassy Island, Stony Lake.

Col. and Mrs. Tait of Norfolk, Va., and J. J. McLaren, Q.C., wife and family, are guests at the Wigwam, Ravenswood Park, Jackson's Point.

At The Hall Sir Casimir Gzowski is still an invalid, and finds the summer very exhausting. He has not been downstairs for a long time.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullin of Glen road spent a few days in Chatham with Mrs. Mullin's sister, Mrs. William Douglas, this week.

Mrs. Arthur Ross went to Napanee for the wedding of her pretty little friend, Miss Alix Macdonald, on Thursday. Mr. Don Ross is visiting Sir William Van Horne's family at their summer home.

Sir George Kirkpatrick has not been so well for the past fortnight. He has been for several days confined to bed. Her ladyship is a most devoted nurse.

The following are recent arrivals at the Robinson House, Big Bay Point: Miss Margaret Sawisland, Miss E. Mason, Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Margaret Stewart, Mr. A. B. Mosey, Mr. G. Stewart Scott, Mr. H. J. Marriott, Mr. Charles Constance, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Alley and family, Mr. R. S. Neville of Toronto; Mr. J. J. Coulter of Bradford; Mr. G. D. Nesbitt of Glenhuron; Mr. Thomas A. Sawyer of Ottawa; Mr. John S. Hogg, Mr. T. T. Aikens of Galt; Miss Edna Peck of St. Thomas; Mr. A. G. Graham of Peterboro'; Mr. G. A. Smith of London.

Eyeing the Autumn Tints.

Not amiss to hint that while summer clothing is yet such a comfort, autumn is nearing and almost sooner than you'll guess there'll be a demand for autumn-weight clothing. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, has made special preparation for the coming season's trade in handsome, comprehensive and exclusive lines of fine woolsens he is importing, and in a few days will announce the receipt of and formal opening of these lines. In the meantime, continue your summer enjoyment in your fine flannel, light serge or tropical suits made by Mr. T., and should your vacation be ahead of you yet it's not too late to order the outing suit, remembering that one season does not put a suit made by him past wearing—the quality is there, the workmanship is there, and the style's never astray.

Test It Before Betting.

"Now that you've finished shaving me, how many strokes of the razor did it require?" asked the man in the chair, as he straightened up to have his hair combed. "That's pretty hard to tell," said the barber. "Of course it is. But you've been in the business how long?" "Fifteen years." "You ought to know by this time about how many strokes of the razor it requires to shave a man, supposing that you govern his face a second time." "I might make a guess at it." "All right. What's your guess? Remember that I have a hard beard." "Well, I should say about one hundred and twenty-five." "You're a good guesser, I don't think."

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON..



Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, are filled with pure tea, selected from the crops of the best cultivated tea gardens of India and Ceylon. They are packed in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, air tight, and sold all over America at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb. No matter which quality is selected, the purchaser gets good, pure tea.

... THE BEST OF TEA VALUES.

The "SPECIAL ADVANTAGES"

of the Suit Case

ARE... CONVENIENCE IN PACKING AND CARRYING CLOTHES DO NOT CRUSH, and ECONOMY OF SPACE



The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

TEL. 233 105 KING STREET WEST

MAKERS OF

FINE TRAVELING and LEATHER GOODS



Welland Vales...

...are Fast

5 FIRSTS &
4 SECONDS
... IN ...
6 EVENTS

WELLAND VALES are fast showing their speedy qualities. The above races took place at New Glasgow, N. S.

... Ride One—You Will Always Win

WELLAND VALE MFG. CO., Limited

Toronto Store:
147-9 YONGE STREET

ST. CATHARINES
Ont.

Some time ago I got into the habit of counting the strokes of a razor every time I was being shaved. It's a good way to employ your mind. In shaving me you just made 732 strokes with the razor."

"I wouldn't have believed it." "No man believes it until he takes the trouble to count. In my case I never knew the number to fall below 500, and it has gone more than 800 at times. I call it a stroke every time the razor is brought forward and then drawn back. I should judge that there are no fewer than 500 strokes in a first-class shave. You remember that, and probably you can win a few bets."

A Bicycle Tea.

A bicycle tea was given in England recently at a country seat near Henley. According to a writer in the New York Sun, it was a very successful affair. The guests all arrived upon bicycles artistically decorated with flowers. On the lawn large arches had been erected and twined with flowers. A company of young people, who had rehearsed for the occasion and were dressed in fancy costumes, mounted their wheels, and, to the accompaniment of music, executed intricate manoeuvres, wheeling in and out among the arches and going through graceful dance figures. There was a May-pole dance by the same bicyclists, and, after that, a Gretia Green race, in which the couple first covering the course, dismounting, exchanging rings,

and returning to the starting point, received rings as prizes. Dozens of other tests of skill followed, among them a polo game, in which the girls played against the men, and came within an ace of winning. The programme ended with a procession of the bicyclists and the awarding of prizes for the most beautiful wheel decorations, and then the guests attacked the refreshments, which they had fairly earned.

A Business Organization.

The National Trust Company of Ontario, Limited, has placed before the public a remarkably strong prospectus offering for subscription \$1,000,000 of stock at 125. The prospectus sets the fact of the rapidly growing wealth of Canada and the increasing room for financial undertakings. We suppose that this pronouncement of the company will carry much force in view of the character of the board of directors, which comprises Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Hon. W. E. Saftord, Hon. Mr. Justice McMahon, and Messrs. F. W. Gates, A. E. Ames, Robert Kilgour, W. E. H. Massey, H. H. Fidler, Elias Rogers, E. W. Cox, H. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P., Z. A. Lash, Q.C., A. E. Kemp, Wm. McKenzie, Frederick Nicholls and Geo. H. Watson, Q.C. The Board is composed of the large number of successful business men and the character of the members of the board profession which it comprises. The financial plan of the Company provides that by the end of two and a half years it will have a capital fully paid-up of \$1,000,000, and a reserve fund of \$250,000, figures which make a new standard for Trust Companies in this country. Subscription books open at the offices of Messrs. A. E. Ames & Co. on Thursday morning next at ten o'clock, the directors reserving the

11 Years of Progress

Reasons: No bolts, rods or packing. Light, durable, perfect finish of castings. Stand a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch. Free, positive, quick circulation of heat. Fit curves, circles, angles. You can't buy better than the "best" there is or can be.

The Safford Radiators

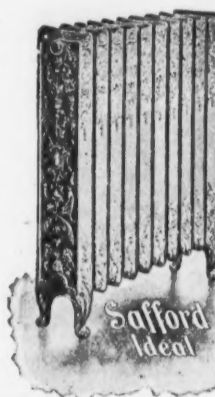
The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited

FORMERLY

The TORONTO RADIATOR MFG. CO., Limited

Toronto, Ont.

FREE BOOK ALL ABOUT THEM—FOR A POST CARD



There is an old saying, but a good one: "You can't stand still—you must either progress or go backwards." Leaky Radiators are relics of an old-fashioned past—the Safford Radiator has screw nipple connections and can't leak.

It is the result of progressive action on the part of the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag. It is the original invention in pipe-threaded connections for Radiators. Eleven years of progress mark its supremacy—its achievements. It has withstood the unequalled test of time.

Summer is delightful when one is provided with a

Gendron Bicycle

with Buckeye Tires

right to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as they may approve and to close the subscription books without notice.

Atlantic Transport Line.

The old fleet of this line has been purchased by the Government of the United States for \$1,000,000, and the last steamer was turned over to them Saturday. Owing to the very large number of passengers and cargo engaged the Company were obliged to take immediate steps to provide new steamers to meet the requirements, consequently they set to work and have purchased the entire fleet just completed for the Wilsons and Furness-Leyland Line, which would have been strong competitors in the London trade.

The new steamers of this line are very fine, fitted as they are with all the very latest improvements, three of the best shipbuilding companies in England vying with each other to see which would turn out the best workmanship. The ships are all 10,000 tons register, are 500 feet length of deck over all with a beam of 53 feet.

The names of these steamers are Victoria, Alexandria, Boadicea, Winifreda and Cleopatra, the latter making her maiden trip from London on Thursday, 28th inst.

These vessels, so far, have been making the trip between New York and London in nine and nine and one-half days, and it is expected that after the machinery is thoroughly in working order they will make the trip from New York to London in nine days.

The Company will be pleased to have any Canadians who purpose visiting New York, to call, before leaving, on R. M. McNeill, their Canadian representative (10 Toronto street) and procure card of admittance, which will entitle them to visit the "new steamers" of the line at New York, Pier 30, foot of west Houston street.

What the Spanish-American War Has Done for Mexico.

Mexico—the land of illimitable possibilities—has the chance to secure the fine cigar trade held by the Cubans. The Spanish and Cuban cigar makers have drifted across the Gulf and landed in Mexico. Today the Mexican cigars are taking the place of Havanas. And, if this war does not cease soon, the Havana cigar manufacturers will have to struggle, indeed, to regain their trade. The war has closed every cigar factory in Cuba. The Mexican cigars are good. Made as the Cubans make them, they are superb. The warm ocean breezes put flavor into the tobacco plant on the fertile fields of the Mexican coast.

For some months past Mr. Muller has had an agent in Mexico. He has had samples sent him from the best makers of that country, and he has just concluded a contract with the La Reina factory for a million cigars of different sizes, to be shipped to 100,000 lots each month. This order carries with it a monopoly of the La Reina factory in Canada.

The first instalment of 100,000 cigars have arrived, and they are cigars which Mr. Muller can confidently recommend to his patrons—of rare flavor and fine, rich aroma.

Deserved Patronage.

The Quebec Chronicle of August 5 contains the following: "We have had the pleasure of examining and admiring a beautiful Gerhard Heintzman Boultier Grand piano, which the management of the Chateau Frontenac had the good judgment to secure. The piano, a true artistic production, adorns the ladies' elegant new parlor at the Chateau and is a source of delight to the refined lady guests of this princely resort."

The case of this piano is chaste and beautiful in design and made of richly figured mahogany of very warm color. The tone—the main thing in a musical instrument—is rich, full, sonorous, and possesses that refined quality which caresses the ear, and satisfies completely the educated and cultured. It is in our estimation a really magnificent instrument, and both the management of the Chateau deserves to be congratulated on their selection, and Mr. Gerhard Heintzman of Toronto on his ability to produce such pianos."

New Furniture and Upholstery Firm.

Messrs. N. R. Miller and T. P. Kent have formed a partnership for the purpose of carrying on business as household furnisshers and upholsterers, in the premises formerly occupied by the Davies Furniture Company, at Nos. 231 and 233 Yonge street. The buildings have been thoroughly renovated and refitted, and a magnificent and entirely new stock of choice goods can be seen at their new establishment, which we are informed will be opened in a few days. Messrs. Miller & Kent have been associated for many years with the T. Eaton Co., where their aptitude for business and unfailing courtesy have been universally recognized. Needless to say, we wish the firm every success in their new undertaking.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WATSON—Aug. 2, Mrs. G. F. Watson—a daughter.
FRASER—Aug. 1, Mrs. Alexander Fraser—a son.
TUCK—July 28, Mrs. (Dr.) J. A. Tuck—a son.
SAVAGE—Aug. 7, Mrs. Andrew Savage—a daughter.
KIRKPATRICK—July 9, Mrs. A. T. Kirkpatrick—a daughter.
HENDERSON—Aug. 7, Mrs. George A. Henderson—a daughter.
BRADSHAW—Aug. 6, Mrs. T. Bradshaw—a son.
HUNTER—Aug. 6, Mrs. W. H. Hunter—a son.
McCLAW—Anglo-Id, Aug. 8, Mrs. Robert G. McClaw—a son.

Marriages.

FRASER—McWILLIAM—August 6, Alexander Fraser Esq. and Miss Jessie MacWilliam, daughter of Dr. Prescher, Aug. 8, Frank R. Ebbitt to Rebecca Anne De Pencier.
WATSON—FRIDGLEY—Aug. 8, John Watson, Jr. to Rebecca J. C. Frigley.
HUNTER—FEATHERSTONHAUGH—Ashcroft, B.C., July 25, Major P. Burdett to Kate Featherstonhaugh.
BOYD—JAYNES—Paris, Burwell, August 3, Harry Boyd, B.A., to Elizabeth Villiers Jaynes.
DAVIDSON—INGERSOLL—Shad Lake, Man., July 25, Richard Davidson to Florence Ingersoll.
HIDES—ADAMS—August 3, Frederick W. Hides to Jessie Adams.

Deaths.

BOYD—Aug. 4, Eliza Boyd, aged 83.

DOWSES—Aug. 4, Theresa Ethel Dowses, Price—Aug. 3, Henry Ferrier Price, aged 61.
CROFT—Aug. 3, Emily Stuchan Croft.
TAYLOR—Aug. 3, Conyngham C. Taylor, aged 74.
BOWMAN—Aug. 7, John Bowman, aged 75.
HART—Aug. 6, Sarah Anstee Hart, aged 57.
SIMMONS—Aug. 7, Joseph Simmons, aged 74.
DAVY—Aug. 9, John Davy, aged 72.
PATTULLO—Aug. 10, Dr. Alexander Pattullo, aged 68.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Seasonable Suggestions With Special Inducements Are Offered:

TORONTO TO
Sault, Ste. Marie and return - \$14.50
Pt. Arthur or Ft. William and return 26.50
Duluth and return - - - 29.50

The route is via Canadian Pacific Railway to Owen Sound, thence one of the Palace Steamships, "Alberta," "Athabasca," or "Manitoba" of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line.

Tickets to other points are on sale at corresponding reductions.
For full particulars and tickets call upon any Canadian Pacific Agent, or
C. E. McPHERSON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS

WINNIPEG
BRANDON
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
and other Manitoba Points
Also to points on Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, Winnipeg Junction, Gledens, Moorhead, and North in Minnesota, Mandan, Minn., and East in North Dakota. Stop over at Winnipeg Junction, Gledens, Moorhead, and beyond to excursion territory on your trip but tickets must be used to destination by a given date, 1898.
Go to going from stations Toronto and west, in stages, on and 1898.
Going from stations east of Toronto to Kingston August 18th.
On surrender of Standard Certificate on or before November 1st return tickets will be issued for \$18.
The route is over Grand Trunk and connections via Chicago and St. Paul.
Tickets and all information from Grand Trunk Railway Agents, or from
M. C. DICKSON, L.P.A., Toronto.